To the officers and men of the 128th NCB (P)

The personnel of this battalion were especially selected to ride pontoons in amphibious assaults. From the day we were commissioned all hands, from the youngest boot to the "Old Man," were convinced that this was "The Outfit" to be in, one that would go places and do things. A wonderful esprit de corps, made up of loyalty, pride, and confidence in each other, has been the outstanding characteristic of the 128th. It shows in many ways; especially in performance under fire. Although we took part in only one major amphibious assault, the success of pontoon causeways at Okinawa is already a part of the Seabee saga. By the grace of God none of us lost his life for his country. Quite a few of you were wounded in action; many more of you made tremendous personal sacrifices that will never be recognized. To me the command of the 128th has been a source of great pride and satisfaction. I consider each of you a personal friend, and I look forward in seeing you again, wherever our paths may cross.

A. C. HUSBAND
to the causeway men... of the navy
who have worked - fought - and died on the
beach heads of Europe and the Pacific-
who maintained through the heat of battle
and wrath of the elements that vital link
from ship to shore —— to these men
this book is dedicated
The Navy pontoon is a steel box 5' by 5' by 7'. Originally designed by Captain J. N. Laycock, CEC, USN (Ret), as the basic unit of a readily transported barge lighter, its amazing simplicity and flexibility in use made it an immediate success in countless jobs. By this reputation it became known as "the Magic Box."

During the initial stage of planning for the assault on Sicily, the Army and Navy sought some means of solving the problem of discharging troops and material into the surf as standard landing craft must do when they landed on the shallow, sloping beaches of Sicily. BuDock's answer to this problem was the causeway . . . a double string of pontoons, thirty units long. In Narragansett Bay the causeway was tested against the Army counterpart, the pontoon bridge. To the astonishment of high Allied officials, the causeway was put through its paces and was discharging cargo before the Army had well begun construction on their bridge.

This was only a dry run. The actual trial by fire came at Gela, Sicily . . . at Salerno . . . at Anzio . . . at Normandy, and on every other beach where causeways landed. On every beachhead it was a test . . . a trial, to meet new and difficult conditions, which were never twice the same. It was the adaptability of the causeway and the resourcefulness of the men who rode them that marked its name and theirs in the annals of Amphibious Warfare.
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the rough log
In order to give the complete picture of the birth of the 128th USNCB(P), it is necessary to take you back to July and August, 1944. Camp Endicott (Davisville, R. I.) was the center of SeaBee activity in the East. Men were pouring in from every part of the globe—England, Africa, Italy, Newfoundland, the Caribbean, Puerto Rico, Iceland, The Azores, Panama, the Galapagos, the West Indies, etc.; the 128th NCB(P) eventually was to become the “melting pot” for a good many of these returnees.

About this time, the Navy was taking a great interest in pontoon potentialities. Their performance at Sicily, Salerno, and Anzio was extremely noteworthy and proved that the pontoon could be used as a highly effective offensive weapon. And so a great number of these newly returned SeaBees were collected, forming the 1047 CBD, one of the first units of its size to specialize mainly in pontoon training.

Here at ABD (Advance Base Depot) future 128ers prepared themselves for pontoon duty. (The larger portion of 1047 became part of 128.) Besides pontoon, seamanship, coxswain, signal and welding schools, each man had the opportunity for actual pontoon experience. The men did everything from scraping paint to experimenting in launching barges. Stringing pontoons, breaking them up, sinking drydocks, floating them again, raising causeways, launching them—and then, after a hard day’s work, taking their pontoons for a joyride, the same “Magic Boxes” that later took them into the invasion beaches of the Pacific.

The articles below appeared in “The Bulldozer” a few days before the formation of the 128th NCB(P):

SEABEE PONTOON BATTALION
NOW FORMING HERE

Formation of a new type of SeaBee Battalion was under way here this week. To be known as the 128th NCB, it will be composed mainly of pontoon specialists and will be a provisional unit until its officer-in-charge is appointed, when it will be commissioned.

This, and other “pontoon" battalions will have, according to a recent announcement, a complement in line with those of regular construction battalions; majority of the personnel will be in the boatswain, coxswain, and seaman rating.

Because of the invaluable job SeaBee Pontoon Detachments have been doing on “round-the-world” invasion beaches, emphasis has been placed on this type of work. The assaults on Sicily, Salerno and Anzio proved to the Allied Command that the pontoons—“Magic Boxes” of the SeaBees—could be classed along with tanks, planes, and big guns as an offensive weapon of this war.

Most notable of the many tasks performed by SeaBee pontoon-men has been the manning of the “Rhino" ferries and the floating causeways made up of pontoons, which have transported men and materials to the invasion beaches from LSTs and other craft standing as far as 500 ft. offshore.

Officially, the 128th NCB(P) was commissioned September 28, 1944, but most of us remember the night of October 18, 1944, in connection with this event. It was at the Howard-Johnson Restaurant, Camp Endicott, that the colors were presented by Captain Fred F. Rogers, USN(Ret), the sponsor being Mrs. A. C. Husband, wife of Comdr. A. C. Husband, CEC, USN, Officer-in-charge of the 128th NCB(P). All hands were invited to attend and they came with wives, mothers and sweethearts. With solid and sweet renditions of popular and perennial favorites by our own 128th Swing Band, and with sandwiches and soft drinks plentiful, dining and dancing was at a premium. It was an enjoyable and very successful evening and marked the 128th as being the first battalion that did not stand in
review for the presentation of colors. So you see from the very beginning we started breaking records.

It would be folly to skip over this period in 128th history without scribbling in a few words about what the Navy lists as a privilege—liberty. It's amusing when we look back and recall the many excuses we used to cook up to "finagle" a special liberty pass. Always somethin'-sick grandmother, wife stuck in Providence without a room, an auto that must be sold before leaving, or just unfinished business. (Quite a number of items fell under this heading.)

Providence sure was a grand old town; had plenty to offer, too. Remember the mob waiting for the Navy bus outside the gate? Many a guy wore a purple heart from wounds suffered enroute from Camp Endicott to Providence. How we used to burn when the bus driver would bellow, "Step in! Step in! There's plenty of room in the back of the car." Even as he said it, your nose was flat against the rear bulkhead and you were wondering what the lower portion of the carcass was doing in the middle of the car.

For some reason, many of the boys became unusually thirsty during that long ride, and as the doors of that "Turkish bath on wheels" flew open, SeaBees took off in every direction, depending whether it would be the

Pirate's Den, Port Arthur, Campbell's, Wagon Wheels, or maybe the Triangle, Dooley's or the China Clipper. Others, who weren't diggin' the green, had their dizzy whirl on the carrousel at Crescent Park and then headed for the USO, YMCA, or the City Girls' Club. For the swabbies who yearned for wax under their itchy patent leathers, the Arcadia Ballroom was the place, while our naturalist buddies sought peaceful refuge at the Roger Williams Memorial Park.

Chow line at Commissioning Party.

A few of the "gold braid"
For many of us, Providence was merely the means of getting home on those oh! so welcome week-end passes. If we had the cash it might be that Providence train to Boston. If not, we hummed a ride and usually had to listen to some 4F give out with his troubles and a line on how he was winning the war in the factory. (Listening often proved more than compensation for the ride.) Or perhaps you were one of those characters who took that mad dash by taxi to catch the 9:55 p.m. out of Kingston to the Gay White Way, and then, on the way back, sweating out Father Time, while shivering in a rear coach and swearing under your breath, "NEVER AGAIN."

The morning of October 23, 1944 found us lined up in groups that spread the battalion over the entire drill field at NCTC. Then an order was given. The band struck up a rhythmic air and the 128th NCB(P) marched out of Camp Endicott as homesteading friends shouted their goodbyes and fond good wishes.

As we gathered in our sections along the station platform, Red Cross ladies served us coffee and doughnuts. After this we boarded the train, received our combination seat and sack numbers, found them, and made ourselves comfortable.

At 1300, amid the waving of a small, scattered group of railroad officials, Red Cross workers and officers, and the stirring notes of "Anchors Aweigh," our train rolled slowly out of Camp Endicott, and after a fleeting moment of recollection, our thoughts, as did the train, switched over on the track toward the future.

There were four different train-loads of 128ers and each travelling a different route, so before we reached California the boys had the opportunity to see a good part of the 48. The trips as a whole were alike as far as activities within the train were concerned, and all had their share of
Cross country train trip—this started a travel-log of letters.

Allowed by a shower of fruit, picture postcards, maps, and edibles of all kinds. In many instances whole towns lined up along the tracks, shouting good-natured hellos and tossing the town paper and the morning’s groceries into our car windows. Whether North, South, East or West, American hospitality reigned supreme, and as we pulled into Camp Parks, we were possessed with an overpowering determination to help rid the world of all fanatical despotism, so that men everywhere could breathe the air of freedom.

Sunny California! We knew none of it. Waking up on those cold, dark, bleak mornings—standing muster at attention as frozen fingers twitched painfully and icy toes desperately tried to wiggle off rigor mortis—that long hike to the parade grounds for colors, and just when the thought of seeking the warmth of our quonset huts was nearing reality, having to listen to the story of Joe Blow and what he got for being 2 days AWOL. (Ah, sweet memories!)

If you recall, we never did very much work at Parks, but we did have quite an extensive training program. No matter whether it was the BAR, the mortar, the Thompson submachine gun, or friend carbine, one

—with coffee, doughnuts, etc., and WHAT ETC!

the human incident and out of the ordinary.

During the ride the men played cards, sang, read, tried to write letters, or just watched the scenery fly by until they dozed off. Meals were served in the diners on the train or at the Fred Harvey Restaurants along the way—and it didn’t take us famished “Bees” long to polish off one of those chow offerings.

If there was any one thing that all of us were made conscious of on this journey, it was the kindness and warm sincerity of our own people. Wherever we stopped there was always that heartwarming welcome, fol-
Golly, how that coffee went fast.

could always find the boys poppin' away at the targets on the rifle range. Often we wondered how they ever expected us to pick up a piece (rifle), no less fire it, after that long trek to the range. (We called it "The March of Death.") Many a K.O.ed "Bee" would welcome the peaceful repose of the prone position, only to be rudely awakened by a very unpleasant chap, red of face and frothing at the mouth—an instructor they called him. (Anyone with a mania for wearing a sun helmet, blessed with the knack of not getting along with the boys, having a disagreeable disposition and possessing an irate, frog-like quality that this same individual would invariably call his "verse," was immediately pulled out of ranks and tagged with an instructor handle.)

Highlighting our stay at Camp Parks was the 128th NCB(P) Dress Parade. Smartly strutting down the parade grounds as the band blared forth with traditional Sousa, and under the watchful eyes of the base bigwigs, we felt more than ever before like a well-balanced and perfectly functioning outfit.

Many an enjoyable free moment was spent at the Recreation center in the camp... sipping a coke, listening to the juke box, shooting a game of Rolling plains and foothills of Utah.

Jam session—or the horn blew till midnight.

pool, bowling a few frames before showtime, making that long-distance phone call home, seeing those all-star Hollywood revues, or jiving to our own Swing Band at the Guest House. Whatever was cookin', we were the guys to devour all of it. Liberty was good and recreational facilities within the camp, the best. Standing in that never-ending bus line gave a fellow plenty of time to build up quite a store of anticipation for a liberty spree, and once 128ers hit town you could bet on a merry whirl.

Some went into Oakland and branched out to the Pagoda, Valen-
Going aboard the Sibley.

tine's or waltzed around to a name band at Sweet's Ballroom. Others took in a movie, ate a bite, browsed around a Penny Arcade, and then started that very disheartening search for a room—the payoff usually was sharing a broken-down couch in the lobby of a second-rate hotel with a very much inebriated mate. (The latter filling a room already reeking furniture polish with another deadly fume.) Or maybe you headed for San Leandro and spent a pleasant evening in The Cave partaking of the three "D's." (Ed. note: dining, dancing and drinking.) Then a morning snack at Leandro's cafeteria, and hitch-hiking back to camp. "Hey fellas, let's go into Frisco!" "Swell!" And so we took the car ride over the Oakland Bridge and sought our fortune among that gay city's night spots. Why did we always forget those overnight reservations? Too late. All filled up. No vacancies. Nothing today. Come back tomorrow sometime. So sorry, So sorry, SO SORRY. Yes, we know, lady, but we need the room tonight. So sorry again, and so we would find ourselves curled up in some two-bit movie dive, trying to catch a few winks and waking up screaming to discover we were plum in the middle of a Kentucky hills shotgun brawl. And so we go, cussing our fate (to the groans of others sleepers and the "Aw shut-ups" of more attentive customers) and vowing for the one hundred and skateihth time.

"NEVER AGAIN!"

The morning of November 25, 1944, was born cold... that penetrating, frosty coldness inherent to California, that seems to almost mock "the land of warm sunshine." And through the gray light of dawn one could distinguish a group of men. These men, with all earthly possessions at their feet, were hopping about beating hands against sides in a futile attempt to keep warm. Who else would be lined up exposed to the weather, but the men of the 128th?

Take a good long look, fellas. Long time—no see, again!
After loading our gear aboard trucks we all piled into the waiting buses, very conscious of the female at the wheel. Naturally, there followed a barrage of wisecracks and snickers, all bringing forth the inefficiencies of the woman driver. Some of our more sympathetic friends immediately sided with the female, who took all of the aforementioned as part of the day’s routine; and so the verbal free-for-all ensued.

At last we arrived at the Frisco docks and our mind turned to more important things than the shortcomings of the weaker sex.

Boarding the U.S.S. Sibley was old Church service aboard Sibley.

Some were inclined to exercise—others watched.

stuff to the salts, but a brand new and exciting experience to the Endicott and Thomas homesteaders. Gear and equipment were stored in the hold while we paraded up the gangplank and were taken below to our crowded quarters.

Looking back on that trip, many vivid associations come to mind: passing the Golden Gate, our convoy, only sky and water, guard duty, deck watches, KP, section passes for chow, card games, crap games (illegal as they were), a swing-session in the galley, a band concert on the main deck, water hours, shots, and SEASICKNESS.
The morning of December 2nd found us cruising just off the eastern end of Oahu Island, Territory of Hawaii. We thronged to the ship's rail to get our first glimpse of these famous islands. The volcanic formation known as Diamond Head could be readily recognized, and faintly in the distance could be seen the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, located on the beach of Waikiki.

Later in the morning, the ship proceeded slowly into the inlet leading to Pearl Harbor. Our eyes opened wide at the vast amount of ships in the harbor. Everywhere we looked there were forests of masts and huge piles of supplies. We tried to imagine the scene in this busy harbor on that Sunday morning almost three years before, when the Japs struck without a warning. There was no sign now of the almost fatal blow we had received. The entire port teemed with the activity of a great nation at war. We felt a thrill of pride in the mighty display, as we arrived to do our share in the conflict.

The ship finally docked and preparations were made to disembark. Staggering under our heavy burdens of sea bags and other gear, we proceeded down the gangplank. The battalion assembled in the storage space adjacent to the dock. Headed by our band, we formed and marched to our new home at Iroquois Point. The prevalence of the fine, reddish-colored, volcanic dust, which filtered in everywhere in spite of the most strenuous efforts to keep it out, soon gave our area the nickname of the "Dust Bowl."

Once settled in our Quonset city, jobs were assigned and we started work. Inasmuch as we were a Pon-

"Once again we touch that good old terra firma."

Eighteen
toon Battalion, it was to be expected that our principal work would be with those steel boxes. The majority of the men soon became employed in assembling and fitting various pontoon structures at Intrepid Point. The spirit of "Can Do" imbued every one from the shipfitters to the pencil pushers in the skipper's office. Even the distasteful assignment to guard duty was borne with a minimum of griping.

Liberty? Oh yes—with Honolulu in the offing! An occasion, our moldy whites were excavated from our seabags—usually the bottom—and we arrayed ourselves in liberty dress. Dressed in approved style and polished to perfection, we obtained a few dollars by varied means and salied forth to the battle.

Our first bottleneck was the liberty boat, and after standing in line and keeping our fingers crossed for indefinite periods, we boarded the boat and were sandwiched in among other

**"Gear, gear, and more gear."**

"liberty hounds." After a short trip across the bay, enlivened by frequent cascades of salt spray into our faces, we completed this first leg of our journey.

With good luck, we find a bus awaiting to carry us on. It is crowded here also, but Honolulu, the city of which we have heard so much, is the next stop, so we gain strength to carry on.

The mess hall at Iriquois Pt. is opened.
Once arrived, we start out to do the town. There are crowds of service-men everywhere. We look with interested eyes at the people and the curious blending of Occident and Orient. Souvenirs of all descriptions are to be found in the numerous small curio shops. We look with interest at miniatures and pictures of Hawaii and the hula girls. Other items of interest shown are grass skirts, rugs, linens, and crockery.

Our trip to Honolulu is not complete without a visit to Waikiki Beach, which lies just outside Honolulu proper. Here is found the glamorized Hawaii which has been publicized in song and story. We sit in the shade of a giant hanyan tree and watch the surf rolling in at our feet. We enter the ocean for a dip and try our hand at riding the surf board on the un-ending processions of white crested waves.

Our music fans find the "Breakers" and "Royal Hawaiian Hotel" equipped with splendid Navy bands. The "Royal Hawaiian" is no longer a place for prosperous vacationists, but has been taken over by Uncle Sam for the benefit of his men in khaki and blue. It is principally used as a recuperation center for submarine crews. It was very amusing to note sailors' laundry hanging in every window of the once elite hostelry. We enjoy the fine recreational program given here for service personnel. Yes—they even provide a genuine native
Famous Waikiki Beach.

hula show, which is well received by all.

The beer halls do a rushing business, and moving picture theaters are open for those who desire them. The USO or YMCA provides a quiet spot to write letters or to follow special programs.

The approaching curfew hour makes us realize our liberty is almost over, but not quite. There is the same route to retrail with the attend-

ant crowded conditions. We arrive back in camp with divided opinions regarding liberty in Honolulu. Nevertheless the experience will always be remembered.

On occasional Sundays we were allowed recreational trips around Oahu. These trips were organized through the Chaplain's Office and were supplied with chow, coke, and beer to add spirit to the occasion. The trips were very interesting. There were the green vistas of sugar cane undulating gently upward to steeper slopes which in turn were crowned with jagged summits of volcanic rock. There were also the neatly planted pineapple plantations, looking like a huge diagram of sorts. We viewed the occasional native village with great curiosity when passing.

When tired of riding we halted at some inviting beach. While chow was being prepared, we spent our time shell hunting, swimming, and exploring the vicinity.

"They weren't all like this, by golly!"
The next stop after chow would usually be the Mormon Temple. It was magnificent in a setting of beautiful palms and coconut trees. Everyone got out their cameras and took pictures. Most of us also gathered a few coconuts as souvenirs.

In spite of the beautiful scenery, there were many reminders that we were not here on a vacation. Inasmuch as the island is one of our strongest military outposts, it was inevitable that we would be reminded that we were a nation at war by the sight of many military installations. Machine-gun nests, anti-aircraft guns, and air fields were to be seen on all sides. Toward the end of the trip we ascended the long snakelike highway which leads over the mountain range. As we climbed higher and higher we were shown a panorama of the sights we had been passing through earlier in the day. It gave a very adequate summation of the day’s activity.

The Christmas season found us still in Hawaii. All of us felt pangs of homesickness. We were filled with thoughts of Christmas trees, presents, laughing children, and turkey dinners. It all seemed so far away. However, we had to make the best of it and called forth what little Christmas spirit we could muster. Ship's service stores were ransacked for gifts for sons, daughters, wives, or sweethearts.

A nearby camp had a wartime Christmas tree which might be likened
The Famous Blow Hole.

to a plumber's dream. It was the conventional evergreen with trimmings of colored lights, candles, and sparkling icicles, but was made entirely from pipe with miniatures of bulldozers, jeeps, cranes, pontoons and other playthings of the SeaBees.

Last, but not least, was the bountiful dinner prepared by our galley with plenty for everyone. Following the dinner we were entertained by our own battalion swing orchestra, together with a program arranged by our chaplain. A community sing gave all the lusty basses and higher pitched tenors an opportunity to display their technique. The songs varied—barber shop tunes and old familiar rounds were interspersed with Christmas carols. In the evening, a Christmas service was given, aided by a choir of thirty voices and our band. It was a very impressive service.

All of us knew our sojourn at Pearl Harbor was only temporary and that we were slated for duty in the forward areas. Everyone became increasingly eager to get started. Shortly after Christmas, the first contingents were issued combat gear and boarded LSTs for duty in the battle zones. One by one the detachments left until the entire battalion had left the island—to remember Pearl Harbor as only a pause in their naval career.

Yes, Hawaii is indeed a true tropical paradise. —But in spite of her sun-kissed beaches, her ranks of swaying hula girls, her beauty and enchantment, we can only say—

"NEVER AGAIN!"

Brigham Young Fountain (Mormon Temple).
Preparations for our first invasion as the 128th NCB(P) were started early in December, 1944. Officers nominated for this operation were briefed by staff officers of the amphibious command. Every possible contingency that might arise was discussed thoroughly. Some of the subjects analyzed were weather conditions, surfs, reefs, terrain, natives, pontoon equipment, and possible enemy opposition. Final plans as far as possible were completed. Equipment was assembled at Intrepid Point on the Island of Oahu. We benefited greatly from the experiences of veterans of amphibious operations in the Mediterranean and those officers and men of other battalions who had participated in previous Pacific invasions.

Each operational platoon consisted of one officer and twenty-two enlisted men. These platoons had been trained as units, in fact they were teams. Each man knew his job and knew it well. He also knew he could depend on the other members of his team to do their job at the right time. It was this mutual confidence and respect that had earned the 128th praise in past performances and was to be the battalion’s greatest asset in the trying days to come.

The first units left Honolulu late in December. Other units followed at intervals, with the last group leaving March 4, 1945. Causeway and barge platoons were on LSTs and the repair crews and warping tug crews boarded PAs. Scuttlebutt ran riot as to where the operation was to take place. Many points were decided upon the ultimate objective, due principally to the fact that units were scattered all over the Pacific, picking up Marines, Army units and Army engineers. Many interesting tales were brought back from Guadalcanal, Ulithi, Saipan, the Philippines and

"—then a short visit to Tulogi."

Shellbacks and Pollywogs crossing the line.
other places scattered throughout the Pacific. To most of the men, the many and strange sights of the Pacific islands were a thrilling adventure. Places that had been mere dots on the map now became reality. Odd names, formerly just part of a geography lesson, now became everyday bywords. —But everything was not romance and adventure. Daily drills, continued checking of equipment, ship's duties kept the fact before the men that this was business. Some of the units were plagued by storms. Mountainous seas surged at the con-

**—and native peddlars at Samar.**

voys, sometimes breaking completely over the ships. Causeways and barges took a terrific pounding. Crews stayed on duty in double shifts, drenched to the skin, and struggled against almost superhuman odds to save the equipment. It is a matter of justifiable pride that we lost only three causeway strings out of the entire group.

The last port of call was behind. Suddenly over each ship's P.A. sys-

**Isle of Bam off New Guinea.**

**Convoy approaching Okinawa.**

tem came the news—"The objective of this invasion is Okinawa." Each man received the news with a different reaction. Japan's homeland! Closer than Iwo Jima! An island of half a million hostile people! Last letters were written. Equipment was checked again and again. What was in store for us, participants in this greatest of Pacific invasions? The tenseness was so thick that it enveloped each ship like a pall. Chips were

Twenty-five
The assault wave starts for beach.

down fellows! This was what we had trained for, practiced for, drilled for endless hours. Could we deliver? We would soon know.

The first units consisting of three causeway units landed on the small island of Korama Rhetto on L-4 day, with a force of Marines. Opposition was light and the island quickly taken. Marine equipment poured ashore over our causeways. There was continual sniping by isolated Japs, yet causeway crews manned their posts throughout the daylight hours, seeking cover only during air raids. The air raids weren't heavy, but a bomb dropped nearby is still a bomb, whether as a result of a one plane raid or a dozen planes.

The main force hit the western beaches of Okinawa on L Day, April 1st, 1945. As the convoys crept close to the island early that Easter morning, the thunder of heavy guns from the warships, the staccato rip of the twenties and forties, the whoom of the "—followed by causeway run to beach." bombs, were all heard. Surprisingly—and it must be said—with relief, it was found that opposition on the beaches had been extremely light. The first set of causeways was in the water by 0800. By 1200 several sets had beached and were unloading LSTs. Barges were in the water, propulsion units mounted and hauling hot cargo, ammunition and gasoline, to the beaches by L plus 1. By L plus 2, a fourteen hundred foot pier was in operation at Red Beach. At Orange

Twenty-six
Beach and Purple Beach, due to better reef conditions, several smaller piers were in operation. Cargo and troops were pouring over the “cans.” Once into action, the men behaved like veterans. Camps were set up. Close liaison was maintained with the Beachmasters. Causeways that were damaged enroute were repaired. The piers were manned twenty-four hours a day. A storm blew up on L plus three, breaking up the piers at the

“Marriage to LST completed—”

South Beaches and interrupting operation of the beaches on the northern or Red Beach. Within two days, all piers were operating once more, a feat which in itself drew praise from the Army, Navy and Marines. Barges rode out the storm and one barge crew saved two vitally needed 155 guns after they were given up as lost by the Army. Soon, operation settled down to a routine. SeaBee ingenuity was beginning to appear. Showers were erected, a mess-hall was constructed and bomb shelters were built. Even a twenty-four hour coffee hut was put up on the beach and many a weary Marine and Army lad was grateful when he found that all branches of the service were welcome as far as the SeaBees were concerned.

—But routine work was accompanied by a daily schedule of air raids and shell fire. The units operating the south beaches were close to the Kadena air field. The Japs were shelling this field every night with

Several causeways form larger pier near Nago.
artillery and mortar fire. Their objective was apparent, but their aim was notoriously poor. It did not take the men long to discover that a bomb shelter was a swell place for certain conditions. Several times the camps were strafed by planes that got by the outer screen. On these occasions the barrage put up by our AA guns was so thick that it seemed as if no living thing could survive that curtain of fire. The danger of falling flak from AA guns was a constant source of peril. The causeway crews on duty were particularly vulnerable as they had no cover. The courage of these men was emphasized still more when at the conclusion of our part in the operation, Commander Husband listed two pages of casualties most of them from shrapnel and gunshot wounds. Fortunately, there were no fatalities.

About a week after the initial landing, a group of three pontoon crews landed at the island of Ie Shima, about fifteen miles west of Okinawa. This little island produced the hottest beach resistance of any of the landings. Previous reconnaissance had indicated that the island was practically deserted, but the Japs returned to their “hole in the ground” defensive tactics and greeted our first wave of assault with a hot reception. Our troops needed food and ammunition and they got it—over pontoon cause-
ways and barges. Many times the barges were under direct fire. In one instance a crew from a barge had taken cover behind an abandoned Jap boat on the beach. Jap mortar fire was bursting nearer and nearer until they had to leave and sought cover behind a sea-wall. The next mortar was a direct hit on the Jap boat. Despite all of this, the barges kept up their runs, the causeways were put in place and manned no matter what the difficulties were, and these men contributed their share, and more, to the eventual success of this operation.

This narrative would be incomplete without a special section devoted to the warping tug. This squat, ungainly monstrosity was to the sea forces what the bulldozer was to the land forces. Making their first appearance in the pontoon warping tug proved to be invaluable at Okinawa. The barges were carried to the rendezvous area at Karama Rhett by two LSTs. Here the deck gear was placed on them from a PA. The tugs, assembled and manned by 128th Battalion personnel, proceeded to the Okinawa beachhead escorted by two LCTs. At the invasion beach they were immediately put into use, holding the piers and causeways in place during the storm that raged on L plus 3. After the storm abated, the tugs proceeded to clear the beaches of the scores of LCTs, LCMs, LCVPs, LVTs and barges beached by the storm. On one day

"Say! You guys, there's only room for one in that slit trench."
alone, forty-three craft were salvaged by these little giants. The tugs were used to reset the causeways when necessary, set anchors, and act as moorings for other craft until suitable anchorage could be provided.

On the second phase of the operation, three of the eight tugs were sent to Ie Shima where they did yeoman service. Here they were called on frequently to assist craft when fighting was just off the beach.

Champ ‘dog biscuit moocher’ of Okie.

It goes without saying that this powerful tug, designed, developed and manned by SeaBees, is a source of pride and satisfaction. It has earned its place as a “must” on all future amphibious operations.

The pontoon crews were called on for a number of jobs beside the operation of barges and causeways. Kamikaze planes were playing havoc with the screen of ships protecting the invasion forces, so the Navy once more called on the SeaBees to apply their skill and ingenuity. The repair crews, originally assigned as maintenance units for the barges and causeways, plus every available welder and shipfitter that could be spared, were pressed into service to do one of the most difficult of all jobs—repair battle damage at sea. That they did their job well is attested by the fact that the screen was kept intact. The Japs did not get through. Ships were put back into operation sooner and subsequently, many lives were

Street in Nago soon after a bit of fighting.
saved by the ceaseless efforts of these men.

The Island Command wanted a small boat pier built at the mouth of the Bishi Gawa River. It was to handle fleet small boat traffic and cargo from LCTs and barges. The location was picked and the Island Command proceeded to draw plans for the pier. The plans were approved on April 29. They were somewhat surprised to find that the pier had been completed and was carrying two way traffic about four or five days before the plans were completed and approved.

The last of the 128th NCB(P) crews left Okinawa May 15, 1945. We left as we had arrived in one respect, in the middle of an air raid. A Kamikaze plane hit a battleship about two hundred yards from us, inflicting considerable damage and numerous casualties. As the shores of Okinawa faded into the distance we experienced that feeling that comes to all men who have done their job well. Every man had done his part. The battalion, working as one big team, had made the spectacular seem commonplace. Individual exploits had been the order of the day, not the extraordinary. With confidence in ourselves and our buddies we were ready for the next operation. A fitting conclusion to the report of the Okinawa operation is the message of Admiral Turner to Commander Husband. “Well done!”
guam

It was our 22nd day out from Pearl Harbor. The men had come on deck earlier than usual. Singly and in pairs, they made their way to the railing and looked toward the Horizon. Each wanted to be the first to sight land.

Our destination was not secret to us. It was Guam. We knew this when we boarded the LSTs at Pearl Harbor. Still, knowing our destination, our imagination failed to uncloak this island of its mystery. We knew that we were being sent to a strange land inhabited by strange people. None of us had been here before, yet there wasn't a man on board ship that hadn't traced its geographical position upon every available map. Guam ... a lonely island anchored in the Pacific. Guam ... our destination.

Those who had hoped to sight land in the early dawn were disappointed. The Eastern sky gradually changed from light grey to a palette of indescribable colors. The men who had crowded the railing, grew tired of watching and returned to their compartments to finish packing.

“Land Ahoy!” yelled an excited gunners mate from his perch in the forward gun turret.

There was a rush to the railing. A narrow strip of purple was slowly rising above the distant horizon. Guam had been sighted, but there were still many miles of ocean to be covered before we would reach the harbor. In the meantime, there was much to be done. Hungry stomachs had to be fed ... gear carried to the

“—and the band played on!”
top deck... compartments swept and swabbed.

At 1000, the ships filed cautiously into Apra Harbor. Once safely inside the protective submarine netting, they broke formation and slowly sought their respective moorings. It was a thrilling sight to watch the heavy anchor start its downward dive for the bottom of the bay. Engines were secured, the ship relaxed and lay motionless on the still water. The advance eschleon of the 128th Pontoon Battalion had reached Guam without mishap.

We were informed by the ship’s loud speaker that we were to remain aboard ship overnight. It did not cause disappointment. The harbor was bustling with activity and there were many interesting things to see. Most of the day was spent looking over the railing—pointing out little things others may have overlooked. When night fell a movie was shown on deck. Those who didn’t care to attend enjoyed the beauty of the harbor lights. Ships winked back and forth, gossiping in silence.

The next day was Saturday. Shortly after breakfast several Higgins boats came alongside to take us off. Heavy gear and equipment were transferred by lines. Last moment good-byes were exchanged with the congenial crew members.

It was close to noon before the boats completed discharging men and equipment on shore. It felt good to feel the firm ground beneath our feet after 22 days at sea. The sky was cloudless and the noonday sun, beating mercilessly down upon us brought out the sweat that made our clothing

"Buffet supper—Guam style!"

The camp from Mt. Tenjo.
The veterans of Okinawa return.

stick close to our damp and dirty bodies.

It is impossible to list the many things we had hoped to find when we reached Guam. Whatever they were, there was a feeling of disappointment when we received our first view of the camp site. We couldn't understand why—of all the beautiful spots on the island—this barren and desolate tract of land had been chosen. There wasn't a level spot in the whole area; not a single tree to furnish shade from the hot tropical sun.

"Recuperation week at Hoover Park."

After unloading our gear, we were assigned by platoons to the fifty tents that had been temporarily set up. Each man was issued a folding cot complete with mosquito netting.

We didn't need the sound of a bugle to inform us it was chow time; our empty stomachs had been sounding chow call for hours. The menu was all neatly printed on the sides of the small boxes handed us. So began our daily meals of K-ration.

We were dirty and tired but the day had gone well, and we were cheerful in a quiet sort of way. Many of us had grown beards and mustaches; to a passer-by we must have looked like a group of Hollywood extras standing by for a frontier scene. We were told that mail would be collected that evening so many of the boys sat on the ground and wrote letters. Writing however, was difficult for there was little we could tell. Others read detective magazines and funny books that they had rolled in their blankets. Still others took advantage of the water that had been hauled to camp, filled their steel helmets with cold water and washed and shaved for the first time in days.
The camp took up a weird look as night fell. A string of lights were strung up to push back the walls of darkness. Beneath this, members of the swing band dusted and tuned their instruments for a jam session. Sentries, walking their lonely posts, were denied this touch of state-side entertainment, for the safety of the men depended upon their alertness. The training period was finished—the shells in their guns were no longer blanks. Those little men hiding out in the hills weren't marines with yellow jaundice. They were Japs who would steal and kill if given a chance. They must be made to keep their distance.

The next day the rains came, such rain as only the tropics can afford. We were quick to learn that the mud and not the Japs were to prove our worst enemy. The entire hillside became an oozing carpet of muck and slime. There was no escape from it. It rose above our shoe tops and sucked at our feet like quicksand.

Conditions inside our tents were little better. Drainage ditches we had dug proved inadequate; rain and mud flowed unchecked across the dirt floors of our tents. We had no chairs, lights, or tables. The nights were hot but tent flaps had to be let down to keep the rain from soaking our bedding.

Clothing became sticky with mud and stunk offensively of perspiration. Even if washed they wouldn't have dried.

**PHIBSPAC** camp site construction.
On Tuesday—despite the rain and mud—men were assigned to work details. Blue prints were unrolled and carefully studied. Bulldozers dropped their blades and charged angrily at the hillsides. Men were despatched to the harbor to unload ships. Trucks, working day and night, began pouring vital materials into the compounds. The surrounding hills became vibrant with the sounds of hammers and saws.

The days that followed differed one from the other only in regards to the small pleasures they brought with them; Wednesday we had our first taste of hot coffee; Thursday we were shown our first movie; Saturday brought our first mailcall; Sunday our first church service was held.

So the days passed. There was so much to be done that time never dragged. Huts began to dot the area. A ship store was set up. The temporary chow hall began to serve hot food. Coral roads and walks made their appearance and brought relief from the ever present mud. Water was piped into camp and showers were built. As each hut was completed, it was quickly inhabited.

"The 'homefront' at Telefot—or Ten Nights as a Blood Donor."

Liberty? There was none. Because of the ever present danger of Japs, we were never permitted to leave the camp area unless on official business and official business didn't include searching the island for Dorothy Lamour's. We will never forgive the Japs for this. It was bad enough when they bombed Pearl Harbor, but when they put a crimp in the sacred institution of CB Liberty, they made fighting men of us all.

"How would you fellows like to take a trip around the island next
Sunday?" casually asked Chaplain Walker one day. "We can take a lunch and drink Cokes and beer."

How would we like to take a trip around the island? Eats . . . Cokes . . . Beer . . . hey! Liberty, here we come!

We left camp early in the morning traveling in open trucks. The road led through the ruins of the once beautiful town of Agana. It was little more than a rock pile. The town had died a courageous death in the struggle for Victory. The bits of walls left standing were like tombstones marking the graves of picturesque homes and buildings.

After leaving the gutted and burned town of Agana, we turned off onto a little road that winds its way into the interior. We passed through miles of dense jungles and large groves of coconut and banana trees. Here and there, hiding among the trees, were the little primitive native huts. There were always several half-naked and barefoot children playing about the yard. As one of the mates put it: "Gee! looks like recess—huh?"

The natives owned no automobiles. Their sole means of transportation was the carabao, or water buffalo. It became a common sight to pass young children six or seven years of age, riding them bareback along the highway, or to see these animals harnessed to crude wooden carts taking the family for a visit.

When we reached the picturesque village of Inarajan, a wedding fandango was in progress. (Fandango is Guamanese for blowout.) We were politely invited to join their singing, dancing, and eating. It didn't take much persuasion; especially after we discovered that the young girls could
Range of mountains below Inarajan.

jitterbug. (Chaplain, you deserved a Medal of Honor for this. Stateside . . . that's what it was.)

These friendly people, liked to think of themselves as Americans. Although they speak a native tongue, English is taught in the schools and we were able to talk with them in our own language. The girls were particularly interested in hearing us all talk about the various states we were from. What a field day it was for the boys from Texas and Brooklyn! We were sorry when the evening sun went down and we had to return to camp.

Main drag in Merizo.

It was a happy day when we moved from the 70th Battalion Area into our own well built and carefully planned camp. Not that we didn't get along with our neighbors down there. But . . . well, this “one big happy family” stuff was beginning to cramp our style. Besides, we had built the best chow halls, beer gardens, and recreation huts on the island and we were anxious to try them out.

As the construction work neared completion, training programs were inaugurated. Groups of men were sent to Talofofo Bay for Pontoon training. They lived in pup tents and renewed acquaintance with K-rations. Other men left camp daily for the Pontoon Assembly Yard. Theirs was the task of making ready for the future operations.

Late in May—flushed with victory, secure in the knowledge of a job well done and with expressions of commendations ringing in their ears, the Operational units of the 128th Battalion returned to Guam from a highly successful pontoon operation in Okinawa. The Military Band was on hand to welcome home these men who had brought credit to themselves

'Thirty-eight Men on a Horse' as per Guam.
and our Battalion. Each man had his own story to tell of the invasion, and what tales they were! Not one found difficulty in collecting eager listeners. During the months of June and July, platoons were outfitted and sent to various locations to await the day of a new invasion: The Russels, Philippines, Saipan, etc. Japan was crumbling under the weight of Allied sea and air power. There was speculation that the next strike would be Japan herself.

“Chamorro family in Sunday best—things were tough all over!”

August came and with it the Harvest. Two new mysterious bombs fell on Japan, two large cities disappeared from the face of the earth. Russia entered the war and her military machine raced across Manchuria. Japan felt the death rattle in her throat.

Then it came! We thought it would, but we weren’t sure: “Japan sues for Peace!” Days of anxious waiting. ... Will America accept? ... Will Japan accept? ... What are they waiting for? ... Why does Japan delay? At last one day the radio broadcast: ... “JAPAN ACCEPTS SURRENDER TERMS!” Beer gardens were opened. The band struck up! The War was Over!

As peace came and points were counted we became eligible for discharge and returned to our normal lives. Sure we were glad to leave—heaven knew we waited long enough for that East Bound ship to stop and pick us up. But well, we had to admit that it gave a fellow a sort of queer feeling inside. It wasn’t easy to be separated from the old gang when we got back to the States. But as for the island of Guam ...

“NEVER AGAIN!”

Coral reef below Merizo

Thirty-nine
japan

When we of Headquarters found out that what we had hoped for so long was to be a reality, we were jubilant. At last we "homesteaders" were going somewhere. It was an exciting and very welcome prospect.

It seemed ages before we packed, boarded the PA and shoved off. Although we left Guam a few days after the Japanese surrender, living conditions aboard ship were excellent—we were the only passengers and were treated fine. Our destination was Manila, and we pulled into this famous Philippine capital five days after our departure.

The first evening in Manila we saw the movie "Bataan." Quite a coincidence! Just a few hours before we had passed this celebrated battleground of the Pacific. Our detachment was held up in Manila for three days because of a typhoon, but as soon as weather permitted, off we shoved again... this time aboard an LST. Destination—Tokyo.

We were in an 18-ship convoy and seemed to be barely crawling along. The sixth day of our journey we arrived at Yokohama, Japan. The sight of the U.S. fleet and units of the British fleet in the bay was one that stirred our emotions. Hospital ships were there, too, busy evacuating American prisoners of war. Many other vessels were being unloaded.

We wasted no time when told we could have liberty. A group of us procured a jeep and drove into Tokyo. The entire city seemed in ruins. Only a few blocks were not completely destroyed. The Imperial Palace stood as it had for centuries, but even it had been hit by a stray bomb.

We looked in vain for a beer joint, but did come across something that bore a slight resemblance, a Saki testing laboratory. The Japs inside evidently thought we had come to take the place over, for they immediately offered us Saki and some other kind of wine, which, of course, we accepted. That evening we returned to our ship a little worse for wear.

After hanging around another 5 days we once more headed out to sea. This time on an LSD headed for Aomori. Our ships were the first American ships to enter this port. In fact we arrived a day before the minesweepers, and three days before the Army. We went ashore on Green Beach and immediately painted signs "The SeaBees Welcome the U.S. Army." When the Army came, some of our barges were on hand to help them unload their supplies.

We stayed in Aomori 8 days and took turns either sleeping in tents in the middle of the town's park or on a PB. The city was nothing but a shambles. The civilians were more frightened than they were curious.

Again we took off! This time on the PB. In two days we arrived at Otaru, Island of Hokkaido, still Japan to us. Like the rest of the towns we visited, this also was completely wiped out by our air and naval bombardment. After souvenir hunting for two days we received our orders to come back to Guam.

The adventure was enjoyable and interesting. We kept on the go constantly and observed firsthand the results of American military might and how it destroyed an enemy.

korea

It was during the first week of August that our causeway group left Guam. First we went to Saipan. From there we shoved off for Okinawa. We traveled on an LST and were quite comfortable, being the only ones aboard.

We arrived at Okinawa in five days and stayed there ten, taking pictures and going on liberty. During this trip, news of the Japanese acceptance of our surrender terms was flashed over the radio. The DE in our convoy thundered a 21-gun salute, while the smaller craft fired automatic weapons and set off flares. There was beer for all aboard that night.

It took us five days to get from "Okie" to Korea. We were the first to launch causeways there. In less than 3½ hours we beached our two causeways; then we turned them over to the Army.

Because of the 30-foot tide, only one ship at a time was allowed in the channel. This of course was during high tide. At the waterfront there were warehouses, and a little further in we could see a railroad.

We were not in the main city of Korea but in a town called Inchon. From what we could see, Korea was not bombed. The people gathered about the docks and watched as we worked. It was evident, by the way they watched us launch the pontoons, that they didn't have the slightest idea of what we were doing.

The inhabitants of the town were Japanese, Chinese and Korean. They all told us they didn't like the Japs. Most of these people lived in two or three story brick houses, clustered together on dirt or cobblestone roads. Sanitary conditions were poor and the town had a foul smell. The people dressed simply, and ate, for the most part, fish, rice, and potatoes.

The women seemed to be better dressed than the men. They scuffled behind their husbands, with their babies strapped on their backs. The Chinese and Japanese women were better looking than the Koreans. The Jap women, however, refused to let us take pictures of them and hid their faces with their parasol. Later we found out that according to their beliefs they are not permitted to have their face in a picture. Most of the natives smoked, including the women. All one had to do to have a crowd gather 'round was to give away a few cigarettes. One of the oddest sights was a Korean mother nursing her baby while puffing on a cigar. Money didn't talk. It was cigarettes and gum.

All over town we saw signs "Welcome Americans!" The main streets were moderately populated; the side ones were congested. Almost everyone walked. Even the natives with ox-carts walked beside them. The
only vehicles were American jeeps and trucks.

Though many stores sold only dolls and other small souvenirs, one large store with wide display windows, offered silks, blouses, and kimons for sale. There was a surprisingly modern theatre in town. The pictures shown were Japanese or French, and admission (for us) was one stick of gum. The Catholic Church resembled many of our own small country churches. Built quaintly of red brick, it looked beautiful though somewhat out of place in its drab surroundings.

After staying in Korea nine days, we returned to Okinawa aboard our LST, waited nine more days for air transportation, and then flew back to Guam on a Marine C-47.

**Shanghai**

Those of us who were fortunate enough to go to Shanghai, take much pride in our story...we believe it to be the most interesting of them all.

Our large units left Guam during the last days of July. We hopped over to Saipan and then headed for Leyte, arriving about the middle of August. We were at sea when the Jap surrender came through, but there was no excitement aboard and everyone took the wonderful news in a matter of fact way.

From Leyte we made about four round trips to Samar—picking up supplies, so it wasn't until the first week of September that we shoved off for Okinawa. While enroute we ran into what we later discovered was a light typhoon. It lasted about 36 hours. Only SeaBees were allowed on deck, standing watches to keep the barges secure.

After reaching "Okie" we again loaded supplies and started out for the much talked about city of Shanghai. It was during this run that we hit a deadly typhoon. Raging winds and mountains of water were the furies that nature hurled against us. For 48 hours compartments were sealed and tenseness reigned; all hands were at General Quarters. The ship rolled 49 degrees—after 47 degrees an LST is not considered safe. —But it did end; the result among our convoy being a few minor cuts and bruises and the loss of five causeways. Worth mentioning is the fact that no causeways were lost on the ships with SeaBees aboard.

We anchored in the Yangtze River, and then later went down the Whangpoo River into the great port of Shanghai. We were the first American ships to go into this city and had to pull over to the port side so that the LST behind could destroy a couple of magnetic mines floating nearby...so nearby, in fact, that the ship had some of her seams ripped by the explosion.

The welcome we received here will never be forgotten. Thousands of Chinese lined up along the docks, cheering, shouting and waving small flags of the Allied nations at us. The blast of fog horns and the screech of whistles added to this din and never before had we seen people so delirious with joy.

Hundreds of junkes came out to meet us and they clung to our ship like burrs to a wool coat. We couldn't believe what we saw. They were fighting to get their nets under our garbage chute. What we threw away, they lived on, battling over the most trivial objects—a board, a line, a box. The fighting didn't cease at possession. We saw one native jump from his sampan into another, take away a piece of plywood, drag the other man into his boat, and then take off up the river beating him brutally.

Many ships in the river weren't of the scavenger variety, but sold their various wares. They came up to the ship shouting out their prices in a sing-song manner, which was as interesting as it was unintelligible. Quite a number of these natives were hired by merchants so that their goods were the first to reach the customer.

Finally, we pulled into the docks, formerly Jap, and secured our barges there. Japs up and down the river were a common sight, for the task of rounding them up had not yet begun on a large scale. Watching our enemies roaming about in perfect freedom was a strange sight.

That night there was a big celebration—one of those fantastic displays one sees only in the Orient. There were parades with costumes of expensive silks and dragons made out of paper mache with seven or eight men inside performing the traditional dances. The air was filled with the whining tones and the clashing cymbals of the Chinese musicians, and also the noise of firecrackers. This spectacle, witnessed and cheered by an unending throng, will color our memory the rest of our lives.

The climate of Shanghai was comfortable, and either whites or blues could be worn. The modern section of the city consisted of about 40 square blocks. The rest of the town was narrow cobblestone side-streets, reeking with antiquated things and jammed with the teeming millions. Wherever we went we had to push our way through. One means of travel was the pedicab or rickshaw. The standard price for this accommodation was 3000 yen an hour. It sounded outrageous, but the rate of exchange was 150,000 yen to one American dollar, so what it really amounted to was 2c an hour. Naturally, all of us grossly overpaid the coolies. The civilians used the trolley, but the lines waiting for this conveyance were always two or three hundred feet long and these cars over-flowed with humanity. There were a few automobiles, but they were charcoal operated.

Shanghai seemed to be the refuge of all who were oppressed. There were Frenchmen, Poles, Austrians, Russians and an entire section of Jewish refugees. Although in the better portions of the city there were modern hotels, large department stores, and restaurants with orchestras playing within, we were all advised not to eat at any of these places and were forbidden to drink any of the city's water supply. The natives drank from the muddy Whangpoo. We were not even allowed to wash in it and wouldn't have even if permission had been granted.

We stayed in Shanghai a month, living on our barges. On one of these barges an elderly Chinaman lived with the boys, waiting on them, lighting their cigarettes and opening their cans of beer. When half of our crew left (those of us with points) the old man actually broke down and sobbed. He had someone write a letter for him thanking us for our kindness, describing his happiness in serving us and wishing us a speedy and safe return home.
section 2

... the causeway corps


C-8—Lt. Ziegler, Crook, Sternberg, Strube, Lehman, Casey, Lamerson, Quail, Mitcheltree, Gregor, Austin, Forren, VonDollen, Lauber, Durkin, Kemble, Heard, McGlasson, Bred, Young, McCauley, Yates, Sullivan.

C.10—Ens. Shefeller, Richardson, Hahn, Clifford, Callahan, Smith, Backstrand, Daly, Fraser, Melendy, Hale, McCallough, Bandfield, Wenslaw, Paper, Krusich, Carling, Hall, Milner, Sampsel, Mayhew, Olsen, Cohen.


C-12—Ens. Johnsen, Bubnich, Grindle, Smith, Jones, Miller, LeBoeuf, Higuen, Frantz, Enderby, Kitts, Holcomb, Clark, Stone, Reel, Laciano, Cooper, McEwan, Bennett, McAllister, Rowan, Barrett.
C-14—Lt. Roberts, South, Comer, Miller, Haden, Dickard, Thorp, Frye, Fortine, Severon, Parker, Kunze, Groel, Thorpe, Braman, Grieve, Stoutenberg, Downs, Finkley, Rinehart, McWilliams, Blackton, Moser.


Fifty-three

C.19—Lt. (j.g.) Intlekofer, Anderson, Riedel, Landrum, Keeley, Lane, Lawler, Robertson, Growther, Colt, Manuel, Webb, Sacksteder, Bruce, Taylor, Scarborough, Blake, Comer, O'Brien, Buckley, Helms, Devine, Spuhler.

C-22—C.W.O. Moseley, Funk, Caruso, Sehel, Lyons, Davis, Cirone, Koski, Manetta, Parker, Graff, Breier, Mosser, Knight, Leonard, Brent, McCollum, McCoy, Marcum, Birch-although, Robertson, McKee, Perry.

C-24—Lt. Macdougall, Stolgitis, Kiehl, Rapp, Bessier, Patter-
son, Montoya, Calabrese, Rester, Bush, Locklin, Howard,
Riddleberger, Dent, Bartlett, Nelson, Bath, Kaminiski, Mori-
rison, Herring, Despain, Fairbanks, Ray.

C-40—W.O. Stingle, Harmon, Fanoli, Heffern, Parks, Gill,
Williams, Clark, Edelberger, Howard, Mendenhall.


Fifty-eight
Fifty-nine

Lt. (Jg.) Gates and Ens. Wright, Gardner, Davis, Mobus, Basten, O'Brien, Frost, Hoskell, Iseman, Odell, Ferguson, Hayes, Wells, Judge, Burdette, Harray, McVicker, Taylor, Glibiland, Pimental, Piechowski, Clark, Purdy, McGinley, McNicholls, Mills, Johnson, Keith, Lombardo, Doyle, Trevino, Gates, Wright, Lockwood, Garland.
Stndg. L. to R., Joslin, Ritenour, Wells, Weaver, Schuh, Jackson, Trombetta, Palermo, Zyla, Kolendo.


Lt. (j.g.) Huffty and C.W.O. Hewitt, Pearson, Sheppard, Merullo, Wollman, Seats, Williams, Cohen, Pawlowski, Puig, Meyers, Petrucci, Bouchard, Traverso, Melarky, Janawink, Eldred, Dean, McComb, Groves, Martin, Lojan, Vieres, Goldstein, Green, Greer, Whitmire, Rider, Sloan, Zuber, Manci, Saunders, Gifford.

Repair Crew—C.W.O. Wilson, Bailey, Cantwell, Carter, Grattage, Arenault, Ackim, DiStephano, Harkins, Lupinski, Koch, Canterburg, Cavanaugh, Campbell, Perace, Johnson, Breese, Wilson, Ebright, Cobb, James, Peterson, Spivey, Collier, Dean, Leba, Bray.
section 3

... camp services

Sixty-four
morning colors
saw bones

"Senior Medical Officer" Lt. Comdr. Feote

"Corpsmen Tend as Doc Operates"

"Ooooh! — Those Shots"

"The Sick Ward"
Medics and Pharmacist Mates

"Do c, Yer Killin' Me!"

"Dr. S. Steinman, Senior Dental Officer"

"Doctors Nims and Sartie with Corpsmen McGowan and Chase."

Sixty-seven
Lt. (j.g.) Ralph Trisko, S. C. USNR. Disbursing Officer

"Chief, those books had better balance!"

"Old Money Bags" fords over the cash.
the storekeepers

Lt. Curlee and Martin figure another angle

Chief Walsh and Supply Crew

"Shoy comes across with the goods."

The GSK Compound
the sky pilot

"There were other stories that were tougher."

Chaplain Walker celebrates communion.

"What's your pick, chum, 'Tale of Two Cities' or 'Tom Sawyer'?"
"Records — records and more records."

Mr. Bleistein — "the whip for discharges."

"Chief Sheldon speaking . . . ."

Lt. Dutton and Staff

... personnel
grease monkeys

"Transportation Boss Huffy"

"Transportation gang"

Mechanics overhaul an ambulance — Repair Shop.

Welding and Blacksmith Shop

"Grease 'em up, Mac!"
"If anything's wrong — this gang'll fix it."

Blakeley to Murph, "Tell that man to make out a work order first."

"Simeck instructs generator watch."

Dolan, Inc. — "almost stateside, huh?"

"See, fellas, I put my finger in the saw like that and — there goes another."
commissary

Workin' out the menu with Chief Cronin.

Chief Gros and his chow line crew.

Lotsa dough in this racket, chum.

Maybe it couldn't beat Mom's cookin'—but they did better than average.
Seullery crew takes a breather.

chiefs' mess

The Chiefs' Mess—nice, huh?

'way up on the hill—the Officers' Mess.

Officers' Stewards and Mess Attendants.
Every day is laundry day...

The laundry's Iron Men

...post office

Rain or shine — the mail goes thru.
country store

"Every day is bargain day."

foto-macs

"Brown and crew—without a camera between 'em."

clip joint

"Barber, spare that lock!"

drape shaper

"A stitch in time—saves embarrassment."
Our own 128th Band needs no introduction—it has made a name for itself and the 128th Battalion all the way from Camp Endicott to Guam. The Swing Band, with the show “Music Under the Stars,” has played for approximately 500,000 servicemen on Guam alone and has been featured via shortwave on state-side hookups, as well as V-discs and WXLI broadcasts.
ye hoppe shoppe

"Most popular spot in camp" (Beer Garden)

"Where good fellows get together."

armory

"You shoot 'em - we clean 'em."

da cops

"Can they be as tough as they look?"
section 4

... the gold braid
section 5

... roll call
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>c/o G. E. Kennedy Warasso, Fla.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>1 Kin St. Waterford, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. DiFilippo</td>
<td>16 Sheffield Jersey City, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. L. Dickard</td>
<td>Box 361 Van, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. G. Dietrich</td>
<td>106 W. 109th St. New York, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. P. Difazio</td>
<td>233 E. 12th St. New York, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Dimarco</td>
<td>Apollo, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Distefano</td>
<td>109 Florida St. Rochester, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. W. Dodd</td>
<td>4218 Church St. Greenville, Tex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Doeschke</td>
<td>706 Kings Highway Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Donaldson</td>
<td>Rt. 2 Chipley, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Donovan</td>
<td>63 Eldridge Ave. Staten Island, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. L. Dormar</td>
<td>652 E. Palm Lane Phoenix, Ariz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Doss</td>
<td>Rt. 2 Lawrenceburg, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. E. Dowellspike</td>
<td>136 6th St. Zanesville, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. J.Downs</td>
<td>7441 Brush St. Detroit, Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Dwyer</td>
<td>643 Concord Ave. Bronx, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. D. Dunn</td>
<td>232 Fairgreen Ave. Youngstown, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Dreyfus</td>
<td>1113 Mt. Pleasant Columbus, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. J. Drum</td>
<td>Westphalia, Kansas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Dryden</td>
<td>Rt. (RFD) 182 Pineville, La.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. R. Dumont</td>
<td>521 So. 11th St. Corvallis, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Duanway</td>
<td>Rt. 2, Box 174 Columbia, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. L. Dupee Russell</td>
<td>Troy, N. H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. P. Durkin</td>
<td>72 S. 13th St. Newark, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. J. Dutches</td>
<td>268 Park St. Hackensack, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. T. Dunon</td>
<td>2503 Woolsey St. Berkeley, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. H. Ebbright</td>
<td>620 Main St. Martins Ferry, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. R. Eddins</td>
<td>1097 Coleman St. Marlin, Tex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Edelberger</td>
<td>90-06 Jamaica Ave. Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. V. Edmonds</td>
<td>9 Howard St. Lynn, Mass.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Eighty-eight*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address/Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Forck, Jr.</td>
<td>E. Poland Ave., Bessemer, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. J. Fichig</td>
<td>2027 Cherry St., Saginaw, Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. R. Fields</td>
<td>176 Gallup St., Providence, R.I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. E. Finley</td>
<td>3040 N. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Finnegan</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. F. Fishler</td>
<td>925 W. 11th Pl., Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. H. Fitzgerrel</td>
<td>Mt. Vernon, Ohio</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. N. Flackman</td>
<td>4147 Alla Rd., Venice, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Flanagan</td>
<td>31 Knoll St., Boston, Mass.</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. R. Flissener</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. C. Floyd</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. R. Forget</td>
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<tr>
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<td>J. M. Fortino</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. E. Foster</td>
<td>3124 Letcher Ave., Richmond, Va.</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. E. Foster</td>
<td>326 S. Connell Pkwy., Okla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. J. Fox</td>
<td>1312 E. 108th St., Cleveland, Ohio</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. H. Frauzen</td>
<td>1122 McKinley N. W. Ave., Canton, Ohio</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. M. Fraser</td>
<td>Rt. #2, Rehoboth, Mass.</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. W. Frederick</td>
<td>1317 Appleby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. D. Friedland</td>
<td>327 River St., Portage, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. J. Fries</td>
<td>14224 Miles Ave., Cleveland, Ohio</td>
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<td>R. L. Frietag</td>
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<td>R. B. Fritts</td>
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<td>E. Frits</td>
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<td>H. Furr</td>
<td>P. O. Box 275, Camden, Tenn.</td>
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<td>J. Galanter</td>
<td>5932 N. 19th St., Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. A. Gallagher</td>
<td>7616 Perry St., Mt. Healthy, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Gallagher</td>
<td>88 Maple St., Scarsdale, N.Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. F. Gandolph</td>
<td>326 San Julian St., Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. M. Cannon</td>
<td>1345 Cedarview Dr., Springfield, Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Garcia</td>
<td>305 Washington St., Laredo, Tex.</td>
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<td>L. Y. Gardner</td>
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<td>A. C. Garland</td>
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<tr>
<td>B. H. Garrett</td>
<td>101 E. 53rd St., Savannah, Ga.</td>
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<td>D. E. Gatten</td>
<td>2324 Trowbridge, Toledo, Ohio</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. C. Gentry</td>
<td>255 S. 3rd St., Slarton, Tex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. J. Giusa</td>
<td>Christian Hill Rd., Cromwell, Conn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. S. Gifford</td>
<td>204 Crane Ave., Terra Alta, W. Va.</td>
</tr>
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<td>J. L. Gilliland</td>
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<td>R. E. Gilstrap</td>
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<td>Y. Gioia</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Golden</td>
<td>R. R. #1, Lula, Georgia</td>
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<td>W. M. Gonzales</td>
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<td>C. M. Gordon</td>
<td>802 So. Waverly Dr., Dallas, Texas</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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C. Janugian
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Ninety-one
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Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. Levack
Rt. 4, Box 188
Kent, Wash.

C. Levendoski
99 South St.
West Lynn, Mass.

J. E. Lewis
625 Gregg Ave.
Florence, S. C.

M. B. Lewis
502 Hickory St.
Florence, S. C.

O. H. Lewis
Rhodell, W. Va.

R. W. Leyda
15776 Whitecomb
Detroit, Mich.

G. J. Liberace
6241 Winthrop Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

P. J. Liffey
Rt. 2
Milan, Tenn.

J. C. Lillie
215 West Maple
Arkansas City, Kan.

V. Lillo
R.D. #1, Oak St.
Lowellville, Ohio

O. Lindbom
731 Main St.
Marine City, Ws.

F. P. Lindsey
Lenox, Ga.

S. A. Little
R.R. #11, Box 29
Dayton, Ohio

W. H. Little
2428 4th Ave.
Altoona, Pa.

C. E. Locklin, Jr.
406 Berry Hill St.
Milton, Fla.

A. D. Lockwood
36 Highland St.
Concord, N. H.

T. R. Lockwood
2914 N. E. 43rd Ave.
Portland, Ore.

F. E. Logan
215 W. Main St.
Jackson, Tenn.

J. A. Logan
1435 W. Dover St.

A. C. Lombardo
1319 75th St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

B. Lopez
2409 Harper St.
Tampa, Fla.

J. C. Loreman
Riverside, Pa.

A. A. Lornoco
75 Wales Ave.
Jersey City, N. J.

W. T. Love, Jr.
9110 Avalon Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

R. C. Lovell
328 Oakland St.
Findlay, Ohio

J. R. Lowe
1413 E. Blake Ave.
Columbus, Ohio

H. Louza
2920 Fox St.
Bronx, N. Y.

A. A. Luciano
Mountain Ave.
Cedar Knolls, N. J.

A. L. Luckie
4431 Topaz St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

J. L. Ludovic
3147 N. Taylor St.

C. W. Lundquist
R.D. 7, Box 226A
Johnstown, Pa.

D. E. Lunsford, Jr.
Box 1421
Chesapeake, Ohio

L. H. Lunnéansu
P.O. Box 392, Harbor St.
Ashtabula, Ohio

J. J. Lupinski
711 Oak St.
Wyanndo, Mich.

J. Lupo
339 Center St.
Milton, Pa.

R. Luttrel
505 S. Seminary St.
Princeton, Ind.

F. Lyons, Jr.
Perry, Ohio

O. C. Macarage
Madison, Fla.

H. H. Macalody
Sprague Ave.
Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.

H. P. Macalundy
205 Rhodes Ave.
Collingdale, Pa.

J. G. Macornay
Box 846
Cociai, Canal Zone

H. S. Madden
County Road
Demarest, N. J.

J. F. Malis
1624 W. 15th St.
Gary, Ind.

E. W. Major
45 School St.
Danielson, Conn.

V. E. Maier
96 Assnhott Ave.
Springfield, Mass.

D. A. Malone
412 W. 3rd St.
Anaconda, Mont.

A. C. Maloff
126 N. Bixel St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

F. Mance, Jr.
Owens Roads, Ala.

R. Mannet
381 Essex St.
E. Lynn, Mass.

J. J. Mangan
359 E. 13th St.
Brion, N. Y.

Nineteen-two
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

K. W. Mansfield
Rt. #1
Bluff Springs, Fla.

R. Mayhew
237-33 Jamaica Ave.
Bellrose, L. I., N. Y.

R. D. Marion
19 Pleasant St.
Cambridge, Mass.

J. L. Martin
Dresden, Tenn.

R. E. Martin
1117 Selwyn Rd.
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

A. Martinelli
Buckley, Wash.

W. F. Martin
515 E. Marion St.
Lancaster, Pa.

W. C. Martin
1524 La Salle Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn.

R. E. Mason
991 Broad St.
Providence, R. I.

S. Martinez
Rt. 4, Box 197
San Antonio, Tex.

S. O. Mathis
Rt. #1
Bluff Springs, Fla.

J. J. Mastroiania
R.D. 6
Lancaster, Pa.

M. Mathis
2126 W. Melrose St.
Chicago, Ill.

R. Matulasitis
958 Richmond St.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

H. G. May
C/o T. Sapi
125 S. High St.
Baltimore, Md.

G. H. McKeef
Rt. 1
Alvada, Ohio

G. W. McKennie
R.F.D. #1
Effingham, S. C.

J. W. McLeod
14 Weeden Rd.
Fairhaven, Mass.

T. J. McNicholls
175 Pleasant St.
Lowell, Mass.

A. T. McPeters
Box 129
Oldfort, N. C.

J. M. McPherson
2008 20th Ave.
Gulfport, Miss.

P. J. McVey
1308 Richard Ave.
Clarks, Va.

R. A. McVicker
11 14th St.
Toledo, Ohio

M. T. McWilliams
1213 N. 3rd Ave.
Evansville, Ind.

J. R. Mead
312 S. 1st St.
Bythsville, Ark.

W. C. Meadows
Laurel Bloomery, Tenn.

W. H. Meadows
Beckley, W. Va.

M. J. Meany
1004 Univeristy Ave.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

E. B. Meex
6420 S. E. Mitchell
Portland, Ore.

J. D. Mefford
373 B St.
Huntville, Ala.

D. W. McLarkey
649 S. Virginia
Reno, Nevada

R. H. Melendy
30 St. John St.
Manchester, Conn.

A. C. Melton
7111 N. San Jacinto St.
Austin, Tex.

H. E. Mendenhall
Pleasant Lake, Ind.

J. L. Menzner
1326 Alabama St.
Vallejo, Calif.

X. Mereness
31 Upland Ave.
White Plains, N. Y.

L. J. Mehle
345 S. 6th St.
Newark, N. J.

A. G. Migliaccio
8656 20th Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. J. Mills
12 Kirland Ave.
Clinton, N. Y.

W. R. Mikulski
10 Thorpe St.
Binghamton, N. Y.

M. C. Miles
P. O. Box 2964
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Z. L. Miles
R.F.D. #1, Box 154
Smyrna, Ga.

C. E. Miller
Box #180
Reynoldsburg, Ohio

C. P. Miller
2113 Montana St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

C. H. Miller
208 E. 6th St.
Bakersfield, Calif.

D. J. Miller
267 Hood Ave.
Syracuse, N. Y.

G. F. Miller
135 Keap St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

O. C. Miller
219 W. Crawford St.
Findley, Ohio

R. A. Miller
1716 E. Tabor St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

R. T. Miller
1208 "C" Moore Pkwy., Pl.
Louisville, Ky.

C. J. Minor
147-93 Willets Pk. Blvd.
Whitestone, L. I., N. Y.

E. H. Mills
7346 Leis Ave.
Baltimore, Md.

S. Milner
35-16 34th St.
Astoria, N. Y.

N. Milonopoulos
6 Houghton St.
Summerville, Mass.

K. H. Milton
Pilgrim, Ky.

Ninety-three
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

W. D. Minick
R.R. #4, Box 382
Red Bank Rd.
Evansville, Ind.

T. Mishoe
Adrian, S. C.

A. J. Mitchell
3637 E. 57th St.
Maywood, Calif.

J. A. Mitchell
Island, Ky.

J. Mitchelltree
3115 S.E. 78th St.
Portland, Ore.

G. E. Mobus
378 Harold St.
N. Plainfield, N. J.

Joe Mollis
415 N. Chestnut St.
Niles, Ohio

A. J. Mollitor
6652 S. Oakley Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

C. R. Monagan
105 Bacon Ave.
Groton, N. Y.

M. G. Monotoya
P. O. Box 5
Old Albuquerque, N. Mex.

P. Monfredo
25 Glen St.

R. L. Moody
700 S. Main St.
Ocala, Fla.

L. R. Moody
11 Marjorie St.
Portsmouth, N. H.

D. L. Moore
2612 E. 34th St.
Kansas City, Mo.

J. Morales
360 W. 15th St.
New York, N. Y.

L. V. Moran
Sylvia, Kans.

J. C. Morgan
1712 Kensington St.
New Kensington, Pa.

R. G. Morris
Box 459
Santa Anna, Tex.

J. H. Morrison
300 N. 10th St.
Fort Smith, Ark.

O. D. Morse
Sutton, Nehr.

V. L. Moser
144 S. Mulberry St.
Hagerstown, Md.

C. A. Mosser
433 Sherman St.
Dayton, Ohio

R. J. Motika
7419 Woodland Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

W. M. Moulton
3623 Lila Ave.
Knoxville, Tenn.

R. C. Moyer
1126 N. 12th St.
Reading, Pa.

W. D. Moyer
R.D. #1
Sherrodsville, Ohio

J. R. Munn
510 Jessamine St.
W. Palm Beach, Fla.

W. R. Mullinax
Box 128
Jackson, Miss.

J. Munoz
2122 Belleview St.
Kansas City, Mo.

G. E. Murphy
316 W. 20th St.
Covington, Ky.

E. J. Murphy
808½ S. 4th St.
Cincinnati, Ohio

J. F. Murphy
17 Summit Ave.
Everett, Mass.

L. J. Murray
2109 Indiana Ave.
New Castle, Ind.

J. F. Myers
Guy Mills, Pa.

F. M. Myers
32 Mozart St.
Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.

G. Mykren
54 Stuyvesant Rd.
West Englewood, N. J.

W. A. Nadeau
61 Gilman St.
Cambridge, Mass.

J. J. Napier
1517 S. Bailey St.

Napoli
226 S. 7th Ave.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

G. L. Nash
2205 Riley St.
Baton Rouge, La.

V. J. Nastasia
140 Maple St.
Lawrence, Mass.

F. Naumke
Hop River
Columbia, Conn.

H. T. Neal
Rt. 2
Bessemer City, N. C.

R. C. Neulan
Cooksville, Md.

L. E. Nelson
812 Morgan St.
Knoxville, Tenn.

C. R. Neihuls
R. D. #1
Wernersville, Pa.

E. C. Nelson
Rt. 2
Blanchard, Okla.

E. E. Nelson
512 Clinton St.
Flint, Mich.

J. A. Nelson
Box 174
Lake Providence, La.

J. P. Nelson
400 Atlantic
Cleburne, Tex.

T. C. Nelson
661 Ave. "M", Box 994
Boulder City, Nev.

J. Netley
Schaefers town, Pa.

O. W. Newgard
942 Oliver St.
Aurora, Ill.

F. Newhouser
Prince, W. Va.

J. C. Newland
Rt. 2, Box 311
Irving, Tex.

A. W. Newman
Box 168
Cranbury, Tex.

W. L. Ney
R.F.D. #1
Bengals, Pa.

J. L. Nicholson
Rt. 3
Nashville, Ga.

A. J. Novak
Rt. 3, Box 138-B
Greeley, Colo.

W. Nolan
Farmerville, La.

P. A. Novak
21 Otis Ave.
Wade, Mass.

Bill Nowak
6432 Gladys
Detroit, Mich.

T. J. Nowak
3446 Exline
Hamtramck, Mich.

C. A. Newlin
716 Parkmont
Dallas, Tex.

H. Nueblerger
New Athens, Ill.

G. A. Nutt
140 10th St.
San Francisco, Calif.

O. L. O'Brien
Rt. 2, Box 55
Buxtes, Mo.

M. Odell
372 Doughty Blvd.
Inwood, L. I., N. Y.

D. D. O'Brien
P10, Box 174
Tamball, Tex.

J. F. O'Brien
66-91 60th Place
Ridgewood, N. Y.

C. F. Ollier
669 N. Loret Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

G. L. Olsen
2053 E. 67th St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. L. Olsen
745 E. 7th St.

H. E. Olson
920 21st Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn.

R. C. Olson
Rt. #2
Elbow Lake, Minn.

W. Olczewski
411 Hinkson St.
Chester, Pa.

J. J. Ombrillo
133 W. Superior St.
Ishpening, Mich.

E. G. O'Neill
55 W. Coy St.
Hazel Park, Mich.

F. Orlando, Jr.
38 Wadsworth St.
E. Boston, Mass.

L. B. O'Roark
R.F.D. #1
Broadway, Va.

G. A. Oullette
12 Bridge St.
Narragu, N. H.

R. O. Ousley
213 Fulkerson St.
Jefferson City, Mo.

E. P. Page
619 S. Campbell Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

N. Palagallo
Box 161
Wampum, Pa.

L. L. Palermo
2996 W. Jefferson Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

G. E. Pangburn
467 Rich St.
Oakland, Calif.

D. E. Pape
642 Glyn Court
Detroit, Mich.

W. H. Parker
R. R. 3
Waldo, Ark.
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

G. Parma
2295 Westlawn Ave.,
Warren, Ohio.
J. H. Pécker
393 N. Main St.,
Kensington, N. Y.
F. Patrolin
1248 Readealde Ave.,
New Bedford, Mass.
G. H. Pelletier
Box 582
Bangor, Me.
E. F. Pelletier
217 Metcalf St.,
Stevens Point, Wis.
M. S. Perez
1111 Guadalupel St.,
San Antonio, Tex.
O. L. Percy
507 N. Jefferson St.,
Iola, Kan.
J. L. Perkins
421 Court St.,
Brogden, N. Y.
W. C. Perry
Crane Orchard, W. Va.
J. F. Perry
771 Summer St.,
Leeds, Mass.
H. A. Peterson
3340 S. Ada St.,
Chicago, 20, Ill.
E. J. Peppel
1037 W. Superior St.,
Chicago, Ill.
J. F. Pettit
21 Voorhees Ave.,
Middlesex N. J.
R. B. Poit
1814 S. 6th Ave.,
Maywood, Ill.
A. J. Phillips
950 W. 36th St.,
Chicago, Ill.
O. E. Phillips
851 Clarkson,
Denver, Colo.
G. M. Phifer
359 Cleveland St.,
New Albany, Miss.
A. Tichfo
1163 E. Carpenter Rd.,
Flint, Mich.
M. J. Piel
906 N. 11th St.,
Salina, Kan.
P. B. Pijanowski
24 Jackson St.,
Syracuse, N. Y.
A. J. Pinkston
109 S. Madison Ave.,
Plmouth, Mass.
R. S. Pinkerton
Rt. 1, Box 306
Dayton Beach, Fla.
D. Pinnah
Boring, Ky.
A. H. Platel
1080 Normal Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
F. M. Platt
Box 800 Elmore St.,
Central Islip, N. Y.
T. B. Plissac
Lenoir Twp., Conn.
R. D. Point
1939 Kemley St.,
Baltimore 23, Md.
D. A. Poole
206 Bayley St.,
Chester, Pa.
B. F. Pool
311 S. Vichet
Arlington, Va.
J. N. Pope
R.F.D., #1
Cumberland, Mo.
C. G. Porter
156 Blackstone St.,
Providence, R. I.
D. L. Porter
College City, Pa.
G. L. Portillo
F. O. Box 331
Silver City, N. M.
J. F. Powell
Cathleen Falls, S. C.
T. E. Powell
U.S.S. Siboney
S. J. Powska
740 Pennsylvania St.,
Gary, Ind.
D. R. Payne
Oakwood P. O.,
Buecs Co., Pa.
F. E. Payne
324 Central Ave.,
Hot Springs, Ark.
S. P. Popo
121-05 Linden Blvd.,
Staten Island, N. Y.
J. B. Provence
704 Philadelphina Ave.,
Barnesboro, Pa.
J. R. Price
Rt. 1
Collierville, Colo.
G. H. Proud
603 S. 13th St.,
Huntsville, Ala.
L. T. Provost
1601 N. Calhoun St.,
Arlington, Va.
M. R. Purdy
935 E. 24th St.,
San Francisco, Calif.
J. A. Quigley
9 Lakeview Ave.,
Beverly, Mass.

G. D. Rucker
4232 Branch Ave., S.E.
Silver Hill, Md.
Wash., D. C.
J. R. Ramistella
1060 Second Ave.,
New York, N. Y.
H. J. Rapp
3266 E. 11th St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.
A. M. Ray
108 W. 26th St.,
San Angelo, Tex.
E. W. Read
Cottage St.,
Marlboro, N. H.
T. N. Redwood
209 West 2nd St.,
Clarksville, Mo.
R. A. Reed
114 Bennett St.,
Phillipsburg, N. J.
G. L. Reel
Box 102.
Weeers, Okla.
T. P. Reilly
1011 Ocean Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
H. C. Reppel
Rt. 2,
Franklin, N. C.
E. L. Retail
35 Forbes Pl.,
Haven, Conn.
H. E. Rice
Rt. #2
Deatur, Ill.
R. W. Rice
210 Utica St.,
Hilton, N. Y.
R. O. M. Richardson
101 Lutter Ave.,
Lake Worth, Fla.
J. M. Richardson
13135 Catalpa
Wynwood, Mich.
W. Richardson
Rt. #1, Box 104
Pinecrest, S. C.
A. W. Richmond
Five, Maine
F. C. Rickard
Georgi, Delbury
Florence, Ala.
A. Rico
1117 Dart St.,
Houston, Tex.
G. D. Riddlebarger
226 W. Water St.,
Ridgeville, Ind.
E. W. Rider
Box 114
Camp Hill, Ala.
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

G. W. Riedel  
464 6th St.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. E. Riiska  
143 Dexter Ave.  
Meridian, Conn.

L. E. Riley  
335 Texas St.  
Phillips, Texas

R. E. Rinehart  
224 E. 9th St.  
Davenport, Iowa

E. L. Ritienour  
7013 Windsor Mill Rd.  
Gwyn Oak Sta.  
Baltimore, Md.

G. A. Robb  
264 Moultrie St.  
San Francisco, Calif.

R. L. Robertson  
1418 Homeview Dr.  
Louisville, Ky.

M. J. Robertson  
18 Wellington St.  
Springfield, Mass.

R. S. Robertson  
301 Fairmount Ave.  
Jersey City, N. J.

M. C. Robertson  
60 Oak St.  
Willis, Calif.

M. C. Robertson  
601 Darce  
Wichita, Kan.

R. R. Rochelle  
P. O. Box 48  
Tampa, Fla.

A. F. Ross  
7204 Princeton Ave.  
Chicago, III.

E. N. Rogers  
Box 1564  
Fort Myers, Fla.

H. R. Rogers  
Box 27  
Alva, Neb.

H. W. Rohr  
5471 Lincoln St.  
Detroit, Mich.

E. L. Roman  
Box 35  
Knott, Tex.

K. W. Rose  
409 W. Herndon St.  
Springfield, Ill.

E. F. Ross  
331 Montgomery St.  
Jersey City, N. J.

C. A. Rougeau  
17 Lincoln St.  
Marlboro, Mass.

J. W. Rowan  
Princeton, N. J.  
Midshipman School

A. D. Rucker  
R. R. #3  
Vinita, Okla.

E. Rufo  
150 Whipple Ave.  
Barrington, R. I.

H. W. Rushton  
23 Martha St.  
Montgomery, Ala.

R. J. Sackett  
Alexandria Pike  
Cold Springs, Ky.

F. Sadak  
4427 Linman Ave.  
Washington, D. C.

E. Sample  
Hot Springs, Ark.

A. Sampsel  
131 River St.  
Oil City, Pa.

G. L. Sanders  
McLean, Va.

B. J. Sanderson  
R.F.D. #2  
Cree, Va.

R. E. Saunders  
Wimberley, Tex.

F. B. Scarborough  
225 Lafayette Rd.  
Audubon, N. J.

E. Schaefer  
116 S. 19th St.  
Philadelphia 3, Pa.

A. L. Schantz  
727 E. Clinton St.  
Hastings, Mich.

A. S. Schemp  
523 W. Center St.  
Madison, S. D.

H. W. Scheperle  
6416 Flying Ave.  
Maspeth, N. Y.

W. N. Schilling  
Box 545  
Dayton, Tex.

E. J. Schiltz  
1065 Foster Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

R. L. Schippers  
2817 N. 2nd St.  
Milwaukee, Wis.

C. J. Schmidt  
915 Metropolitan  
Leavenworth, Kan.

J. J. Schnitzel  
7238 67th St.  
Glendale, L. L. N. Y.

H. Schoellhorn  
5723 Sprague Ave.  
Spokane, Wash.

E. E. Schoenbaum  
Studebaker Div.  
Cincinnati, Ohio

H. A. Schousen  
3041 W. Jackson Blvd.  
Chicago, Ill.

F. R. Schuh  
20 Williams St.  
Pawtucket, R. I.

H. G. Schultz  
R. R. #1  
Allihards, Ohio

P. Schwalger  
202 Van Sicklen St.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

B. D. Schwartz  
1511 Sarah St.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

H. V. Schwartz  
Ada, Minn.

O. P. Sears  
3003 S.W. 21st St.  
Portland, Ore.

J. B. Seats  
Rt. #2, Box 350  
Miami, Fla.

E. Z. Sechel  
1437 W. 75th St.  
Cleveland, Ohio

A. H. Sellar  
Rt. 7, Box 135  
Toledo, Ohio

W. C. Seek  
Poteau, Okla.

V. H. Service  
722 E. 3rd St., Apt. 1  
Salt Lake City, Utah

M. R. Severn  
Nora Springs, Iowa

J. E. Sexton  
4935 Winnett Ave.  
Cincinnati, Ohio

L. E. Shaffer  
Greton St.  
E. Peppenhill, Mass.

M. D. Shaw  
Gen. Del.  
Headley, Tex.

R. E. Shaw  
Summer St., R.F.D. #3  
Middleboro, Mass.

J. F. Shea  
72-34 Austin St.  
Forest Hills, N. Y.

J. J. Sheedy  
23 Brook Ave.  
Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

N. D. Sheehan  
169 Branch St.  
Spartanburg, S. C.

C. M. Sheldon  
730 39th Ave.  
San Francisco, Calif.

M. T. Sheldon  
Box 185  
Blue Hill, Neb.

V. T. Shepard  
4 Chestnut Pk.  
Melrose, Mass.

L. F. Shepherd  
305 Pennsylvania Ave.  
Cumberland, Md.

V. F. Sherman  
366 Main St.  
Sougus, Mass.

A. A. Shore  
137 N. Marie St.  
Hicksville, N. Y.

F. N. Shaw  
P. O. Box 433  
Marked Tree, Ark.

F. J. Shuford  
2967 Lowell Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

L. M. Siemns  
284 Jefferson St.  
Napa, Calif.

R. C. Simmick  
Box 104  
Ponca City, Okla.

R. L. Simchak  
919 Weiser St.  
Reading, Pa.

A. C. Simmons  
P. O. Box 4  
Humansville, Mo.

R. F. Simpson  
Box 1  
Nowata, Okla.

L. J. Sita  
1214 Grant Dr.  
University City, Mo.

D. M. Sites  
Box 154  
Dansville, Mich.

A. Skubis  
1633 W. 9th St.  
Gary, Ind.

J. D. Slaven  
33 Maner Ave.  
Oaklyn, N. J.

J. H. Sloan  
730 Bay St.  
Brunswick, Ga.

D. L. Slomick  
406 N. Main St.  
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

N. G. Small  
Box 82  
Newport, Me.

D. G. Spurlock  
Rt. 2  
St. Albans, W. Va.

J. R. Staiher  
910 Rogers Place  
Cincinnati, Ohio

H. B. Stairs  
R.D. #1, Box 188  
Saxton, Pa.

B. E. Staley  
R.D. #5  
Washington, Pa.

E. R. Staley  
Upton, Utah

C. R. Stark  
Altura, Minn.

J. P. Staussar  
Ringingtown, Pa.

N. Stavros  
40 W. Housatonic St.  
Pittsfield, Mass.
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

Wm. A. Small
Concord R.D.
Wayland, Mass.

C. M. Smith
4518 Academy
Dearborn, Mich.

C. P. Smith
Marion, Mont.

Dock Smith
R.F.D. #3
Ontu, Tenn.

H. C. Smith
Elliot, Miss.

J. S. Smith
1210 Russell St.
Pottsville, Pa.

R. K. Smith
Rt. 4, Box 546-S
Traverse City, Mich.

H. B. Smithson
R.R. #5
Franklin, Tenn.

E. G. Snyder
353 S. Wildwood Ave.
Kankakee, Ill.

R. E. Snyder
826 Woodville St.
Toledo, Ohio

P. V. Solt
33 Railroad St.
Wauhouta, Pa.

E. W. Sonick
4796 Yew St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. D. Souders
1860 Logan St.
Denver, Colo.

M. L. South
2929 Cherry St.
Kansas City, Mo.

G. M. Spangler
1004 Dale Ave., S.E.
Ronanoke, Va.

F. P. Sparlin
Box 927
Laurel, Mont.

J. D. Speeert
526 Eastend Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. W. Spellenburg
319 E. 4th St.
Emporium, Pa.

F. E. Spencer
75 Key St.
Eastport, Me.

L. J. Spiekard
1101 Bridge St.
Clarkston, Wash.

L. J. Spinmeier
610 W. 163rd St.
New York, N. Y.

T. D. Spivey
R.F.D. #12 Wister Rd.
Richmond, Va.

L. F. Spuhler
22 Rhodes Ave., S.E.
Atlanta, Ga.

H. R. Squires
2250 S.W. 62nd St.
Miami, Fla.

J. R. Staiger
910 Rogers Pl.
Cincinnati, Ohio

G. Stanko
12 N. Spring St.
Elizabeth, N. J.

P. Starr
R.F.D. #1, Box 64
Rochester, Wash.

E. F. Steiner
310 Clinton Ave.
Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.

L. M. Steens
N. Stephens
107 Boston Ct.
Louisville, Ky.

S. S. Sternberg
1942 N. Napa St.

W. F. Stevens
Rt. 1
Palestine, Tex.

H. A. Stewart
Port Gibson, Miss.

C. E. Stickman
3216 Dix Ave.
Overland, Mo.

K. R. Stillwell
308 E. Cherry St.
Carmi, Ill.

C. E. Stimpson
1620 Walnut St.
Berkeley, Calif.

R. H. Stiversen
52 N. Monroe St.
Tiffin, Ohio

H. Stingel
3543 Shermire St.

C. B. Stober
71223 1/2 Coles Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

G. W. Stofko
990 Miller St.
Luzerne, Pa.

S. O. Stone
2340 Payne St.
Louisville, Ky.

F. M. Stolzgen
Church St.
Gilbertsville, Mass.

L. K. Stone
122 Smith St.
Peckskill, N. Y.

W. A. Stone
1016 McCarty Ave.
Rock Springs, Wyo.

H. H. Stoutenburg
22 Fessendan St.
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

E. J. Straka
4923 McBride Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

J. A. Strandholm
Hessel, Mich.

C. W. Stroub
2872 Zailet Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.

D. H. Stringham
106 Lafayette St.
Schenectady, N. Y.

H. W. Strube
612 Maywood Ave.
Maywood, N. J.

T. W. Stubergh
26 Linden St.
Waterbury, Conn.

P. F. Sullivan
398 Grove St.
Jersey City, N. J.

B. E. Steck
Box 817
Powell, Wyo.

E. J. Steele
Double Springs, Tenn.

A. A. Steerer
3350 W. Moncrief Pl.
Denver, Colo.

L. N. Steiner
210 E. Henry St.
Saline, Mich.

J. O. Stepan
1513 W. 149th St.
Gardena, Calif.

C. L. Stephenson
1065 W. Mechanic St.
Ravenna, Ohio

N. O. Stiefer
243 Amity.
Muskogon, Mich.

E. L. Stillinger
834 Cabinet Dr., Apt. 838
San Pedro, Calif.

L. T. Stinson
Poyen, Ark.

T. S. Storey
Ellaville, Ga.

O. R. Stover
R.D. #3
New Bethlehem, Pa.

J. A. St. Pierre
82 Ruth St.
New Bedford, Mass.

R. A. St. Pierre
90 Prospect St.
Biddsford, Me.

F. A. Strain
Rt. 1, Box 137
Paradise, Calif.

J. C. Strickland
P. O. Box 81
Monticello, Fla.

W. N. Stroup
45 N. 4th St.
Canton, N. C.

E. L. Stroubridge
2824 E. First St.
Dayton, Ohio

W. R. Struble
216 George St.
St. Marys, Pa.

R. G. Strunk
420 9th Ave., S.W.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

D. E. Stubbs
Riceboro, Ga.

M. Sturtz
2000 Daly Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.

R. N. Stutt
R.F.D. 3
Creston, Iowa

W. W. Sumerlin
2100 Cromwell Rd.
Nofolk, Va.

J. A. Sumpoly
9 Cedar St.
Garwood, N. J.

H. W. Sumroll
Lena, Miss.

J. F. Surface
724 Pennsylvania Ave.
Charleston, W. Va.

E. L. Sugge
Box 104
Stantonsburg, N. C.

F. V. Sulfow
Amboy, Minn.

J. R. Sullivan
600 19th Ave.
Homestead, Pa.

H. H. Sutcliffe
97 Cedarhurst Ave.
Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.

V. E. Sutton
Rt. 41
Soddy, Tenn.

B. W. Sweet
4530 Middle St.
Columbiaville, Mich.

R. J. Sylva
Box 24
Westford, Vt.

R. A. Sylinski
57 Aubin St.
Amesbury, Mass.

W. Szost
Box 3
Groveton, Pa.

S. A. Taney
2916 W. 25th Ave.
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W. L. Tamehill
1181 Hayden Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

J. J. Taroli
137 Broadhead St.
Duryea, Pa.

A. R. Taylor
236 McCrea Ave.
Dennison, Ohio

H. L. Taylor
1121 Virginia Blvd.
Albuquerque, N. M.

M. B. Taylor
Bartow Bread Co.
Carterville, Ga.
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

P. F. Taylor
46 Felice St.
Salinas, Calif.

R. C. Taylor
724 Florida St.
Vallejo, Calif.

Y. K. Taylor
Granter, Ky.

F. Terry
Box 9
Eatonstown, N. J.

A. R. Thomas
425 Lincoln Pl.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. M. Thomas
303 Morse Ave.
Liberty, Mo.

W. Thomas, Jr.
644 Wiggins St.
Wilson, N. C.

C. A. Thompson
510 Oak St.
Petaluma, Calif.

M. C. Thompson
Rt. 2
Rome, Ga.

J. J. Thompson
2031 Chatterton Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.

J. Thorn

C. W. Thorpe
301 1/2 E. 2nd St.
Muscatine, Iowa

F. T. Tilley
Ellerbe, N. C.

D. S. Tillman
Rt. 4
Sherman, Tex.

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Sun Flower, Miss.

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R. A. Tobianski
2269 Florian St.
Hamtramck, Mich.

W. S. Tolle
400 Santa Cruz Ave.
Dayton, Ohio

F. S. Tomson
Akten, Mann.

H. J. Toney
c/o Mrs. H. B. Toney
Rockford, Iowa

J. W. Torres
223 Academy St.
Jersey City, N. J.

F. Torres
1643 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

P. M. Torres

J. M. Toth
R.F.D. #1, Box 38
New Brunswick, N. J.

H. J. Traverse
Box 3
Mont Belvieu, Tex.

J. E. Trent
Box 216
Majestic, Ky.

V. L. Trepanier
140 Standish Ave.
Plymouth, Mass.

G. Trevino
817 McCarrey
San Antonio, Tex.

W. G. Trice
453 Wilberforce Ct.
Louisville, Ky.

J. Trombetta
Elliot Rd.
Brockton, N. Y.

R. J. Trombley
6405 Lincoln Ave.
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3926 E. Pratt St.
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C. F. Trotter
Rockrun, Ala.

H. L. Truett

J. C. Truyen
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170 Savannah St.
Atlanta, Ga.

R. J. Turpin
Bloomfield, Ind.

L. L. Tuttle
Colony, Kan.

L. C. Tyner
163 Seminole Ave.
Palm Beach, Fla.

J. G. Uffen
126 5th Ave.
Le Mars, Iowa

S. W. Umstot
77 Paxton St.
Flemington, W. Va.

B. H. Underwood
Salina, Ky.

A. W. Underwood
933 E. Haley St.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

J. R. Upton
Tahlequah, Okla.

F. Vallente
Ponce, Puerto Rico

A. O. Vander Sys
4311 42d N.E.
Seattle, Wash.

C. E. Van Horn

H. O. Van Loovan
4 Exchange St., Apt. 2
Auburn, N. Y.

W. H. Vandervoelof
12409 Ohio Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

L. Vanliere
1208 S. Burdick St.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

M. Vasquez
2311 Santa Rosa St.
Austin, Tex.

W. W. Vaughan
Gen. Del.
Denver, Colo.

R. J. Vetter
Rt. 3
Aurora, Neb.

J. G. Viera
615 4th St.
Antioch, Calif.

A. G. Vieria
Rt. 3, Dist. 10
Maryville, Calif.

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1314 14th St., N.W.
Washington, D. C.

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P. O. Box 26
Encino, Calif.

G. J. Vitale
350 Congress St.
Bridgeport, Conn.

L. Vonbollen
741 N. Normandy
Los Angeles, Calif.

T. Voyles
Murphy, N. C.

L. O. Wade
Rothbury, Mich.

E. A. Walker
Worthington, Ky.

A. J. Waggene
57 Rae Ave.
San Francisco, Calif.

F. P. Walker
405 S. 6th St.
Pocatello, Idaho

P. M. Walsh
31 Auburn St.
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

F. L. Walters
1584 S. Clarkson
Denver, Colo.

C. E. Wandell
3213 N. W 13th St.
Okla. City, Okla.

T. C. Ward
Meade Rd.
North Reading, Mass.

J. T. Warmack
5429 5th St.
Birmingham, Ala.

G. B. Warner
1409 Hughes Ave.
Flint, Mich.

R. E. Warren
505 Sarah St.
Stoudburg, Pa.

J. R. Warwick
355 W. 30th St.
New York City, N. Y.

D. A. Washburn
321 Capitol Ave.
Charlottesville, Va.

W. R. Wasser
430 Conover Island Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

T. G. Wassung
3042 Trowbridge St.
Hamtramck, Mich.

L. T. Waters
Rt. 2, Box 82
Lake Butler, Fla.

D. J. Watkins

A. L. Weaver
3420 Baker St., N.E.
Washington, D. C.

B. F. Weaver
525 Hagar St.
San Fernando, Calif.

E. E. Weaver
Barboursville, W. Va.

D. W. Webb
Selma, N. C.

E. Webb
6708 Chestnut St.
Mariemont, Cincinnati, Ohio

J. J. Welch
Clopton, Ala.

G. W. Wells
228 13th St., N.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

H. B. Wells
1809 S.E. Hawthorne Blvd.
Portland, Ore.

Matt Wells
Rt. #2
Powell Station, Tenn.

A. E. Wenslaw
144 E. Grand St.
Nanticoke, Pa.

J. M. Wentzell
304 W. Glenwood Ave.
Wildwood, N. J.

J. J. Wesoleski
2549 N. 46th Ave.
Omaha, Nebr.

B. C. West
264 Massachusetts Ave.
Providence, R. I.

K. Westerbrook
Rt. 3
Ayersburg, Tenn.

E. E. Weston
406 Freeman St.
Anna, Ill.

C. A. Wheeler
Woodville, Miss.

T. W. Whelan
29 Willard St.
Pompton Lakes, N. J.

T. D. Whittaker

C. D. White
4514 S. Emerald Ave.
Chicago, III.

W. E. Whitmore
Box 411
Jenks, Okla.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>City, State</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>City, State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Wiggins</td>
<td>Rt. #1</td>
<td>Ocala, Fla.</td>
<td>G. W. Yates</td>
<td>408 N. Solano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. S. Wilbanks</td>
<td>202 Pendleton Rd.</td>
<td>Greenville, S. C.</td>
<td>Albuquerque, N. M.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. A. Wildman</td>
<td>Rt. 4, Box 147</td>
<td>Bessemer, Ala.</td>
<td>J. P. York</td>
<td>307 S. Roan St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. G. Wiley</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Elizabethton, Tenn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Will</td>
<td>16 S. Gieger Ave.</td>
<td>Alliance, Ohio</td>
<td>M. O. Young</td>
<td>Kings Mountain, Kentucky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. W. Willard</td>
<td>718 Suebarnett Dr.</td>
<td>Houston, Tex.</td>
<td>M. M. Young</td>
<td>799 Jones St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. B. Williams</td>
<td>Rt. 3</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dalton, Ga.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Williams</td>
<td>Box 1001</td>
<td>Homestead, Fla.</td>
<td>E. F. Zamorski</td>
<td>111 Feltus St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Williams</td>
<td>P.O. Verona, Kentucky</td>
<td></td>
<td>South Amboy, N. J.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. E. Williams</td>
<td>Bushnell, Florida</td>
<td></td>
<td>A. J. Zdun</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. B. Wilson</td>
<td>Rt. 1</td>
<td>Rowland, N. C.</td>
<td>Salem, Ohio</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. E. Winchell</td>
<td>322 Princeton Blvd.</td>
<td>Lovell, Mass.</td>
<td>Davenport, Iowa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. E. Wittman</td>
<td>173 Eckford St.</td>
<td>Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. V. Wofford</td>
<td>Mitchelsburg, Kentucky</td>
<td></td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Wolfe</td>
<td>West Point, Virginia</td>
<td></td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Wallman</td>
<td>134 Lorimer St.</td>
<td>Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. L. Wood</td>
<td>Milledgeville, Georgia</td>
<td></td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. V. Wood</td>
<td>Box 185</td>
<td>Pine Bush, N. Y.</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Woods</td>
<td>W. H. Wood</td>
<td>RFD 2</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O. L. Wood</td>
<td>Box 246</td>
<td>Beach Bottom, W. Va.</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. R. Woolsey</td>
<td>90 Clevwood Dr.</td>
<td>Attica, N. Y.</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. F. Wortham</td>
<td>8112 Eberiot Ave.</td>
<td>Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Wright</td>
<td>161 Oakland Ave.</td>
<td>Staten Island, N. Y.</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. E. Wyatt</td>
<td>18618 Shawnee Ave.</td>
<td>Cleveland, Ohio</td>
<td>Ninety-nine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
commendations

Dispatch 12 April 1945.

From: (R. K. Turner, Admiral, USN).  
To: (A. C. Husband, Commander, CEC, USN).

"The industry and initiative shown by you and your task group which prevented serious damage to causeway piers... after two days bad weather has materially added in the unloading of cargo. Well done."

Special Report, Part V, Comdr. Task Force X.

"... it is hoped that the excellent results obtained from causeways installed off the Northern Beaches will restore lost faith in the value of these installations. Too much credit can not be given to... officers and men of the 128th Construction Battalion, who rapidly installed and efficiently maintained the causeway, even through extreme weather conditions."

Amphibious Group Twelve.

From: Beachmaster, Amphibious Group Twelve.  
To: Lt. Drew M. Roberts, CEC, USNR, Acting Commanding Officer, 128th NCB(P).  
Subject: Commendation.

1. "... the brave and effective conduct of the crews under your command have been outstanding during the vital campaign. During blackout, strafing, bombing and artillery attack by the enemy, your officers and men have manned their stations... and have made possible the continued loading and unloading of ammunition, gasoline, troops and urgently needed supplies for the soldiers at the front lines.

"... this is in itself evidence of your leadership, the leadership of your officers and petty officers and the loyalty of your men."

L. C. Leever  
Commander, USN.

Bureau of Yards and Docks  
Navy Department  
Washington, D.C.

From: Chief Bureau of Yards & Docks.  
To: OinC, 128th U.S. Naval Construction Battalion (Pontoon).

"Admiral Cotter has sent me a copy of a letter from ComPhilbPac regarding shipwright work done by men of your battalion. It is a pleasure to receive such reports... of the work of the Civil Engineer Corps and the SeaBees..."

/S/B. Moreell  
Vice Admiral, CEC, USN.

Construction Battalion Replacement Depot  
Camp Parks  
Shoemaker, California.

From: Civil Engineer Officer in Command.  
To: Officer in Charge, 128th Naval Construction Battalion (Pontoon).

Subject: Review, commendation for.

"... an outstanding appearance was presented as to neatness, military bearing and the smartness with which the maneuvers of the review were executed. "... particularly outstanding and rates special commendation."

/S/ J. D. Wilson  
Capt. CEC, USN.

USS SIBLEY (APA-206)

From: Commanding Officer USS SIBLEY.  
To: Officers and men of the 128th Construction Battalion.

"The Commanding officer wishes... to express his appreciation for excellent work and cooperation with ship's company...  
"... with your cooperation... a large number of necessary improvements which the Repair Base could not do have been accomplished."

E. I. McQuiston  
Comdr., USN.
commendations

USS Mt. McKinley
From: Commander Task Unit.
To: Commanding Officer, 128th U.S.N.C.B. Detachment of the 128th U.S.N.C.B.
Subject: Commendation for.

1. The invaluable service and splendid cooperation rendered by the officers and men of a detachment from your battalion which has been temporarily assisting this activity, is worthy of commendation.

Carl H. Holm
Commander, USNR.

* * *

USS LST 769
From: Commanding Officer, USS LST 769.
To: Officer in Charge, 128th Naval Construction Battalion Detachment.
Subject: Commendation.

1. "... It is a pleasure for me to state that I consider this ship fortunate in having Mr. Johnson and his men attached to this unit.

"... If Mr. Johnson and his men typify the caliber of officers and enlisted men in the SeaBees, I can understand the splendid reputation which the SeaBees have made."

E. B. Bertini

* * *

USS LST 829
From: Commanding Officer.
To: Chief of Bureau Personnel, CEC, Bureau of Yards and Docks.
Subject: Commendation of members of 128th NCB(P), aboard this vessel.

1. "... Their initiative, industry, and desire to perform helpful work for the benefit of the ship has been exemplary. My respect for the SeaBees and the excellent job they are doing, has been even further increased by my association with these men."

J. H. Judge
Commanding.

Individual Commendations:
128th NCB(P) Band Personnel.
Gates, Leonard C., Lt. (jg).
Huftty, Lawrence Jr., Lt. (jg).
Madden, Harry S., CCM.
Nouzak, Charles J., CWO.

awards

(A number of additional awards were still expected at the time of going to press.)

Legion of Merit:
Riley, Andrew J., Lt.

Bronze Star:
Johnson, Philo A., CWO
Husband, A. C., Comdr.
Riley, Andrew J., Lt.
Wilson, Judson L., CWO

Commendation Ribbon:
Leonard, E. J. CSF
Moseley, John A., CWO
Riley, Andrew J., Lt.

Presidential Unit Citation:
Weston, Eugene, BM1/c

Purple Heart:
Anderson, Alfred, CBM
Bonner, L. E., SK2/c
Bray, Philip F., GM1/c
Brazier, James G., MM2/c
Gilstrap, Russell E., CM2/c
Jenkins, Stewart W., S1/c
Hoffman, Thomas, CM1/c
Lenz, Frank J., S1/c
MacDougall, Neil E., Lt.
Meaney, Michael J., BM2/c
McCorpin, Eddie G., S1/c
Mollitor, Anthony J., MM2/c
Lee, John J., Lt. (jg)
Mariner, Francis F., Jr., BM2/c
Stewart, Harry A., MM2/c
Rapp, Henry J., MM2/c
Wilkes, Harvey E., PhM2/c
Wilson, Judson L., CWO
So ends the book,
But,
Not the tale.
For, as each is told
and retold,
'Twill grow—and grow
As prodded memories
Add
Bits that were forgot.